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POETRY

THE HOME CONCERT.

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye.
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart,
As though we never had thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home, that belongs to *me*.
And I feel lost in your grand large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand, last night,
The singing splendid; but, do you know,
My heart kept longing, the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me,)
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see:
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From her mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage door.
Ah! *that* is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-by. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain,
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened too—
Back to the concert all my own—
Mother's singing and baby's coo.

Harper's Monthly.

STORY TELLER.

A LITTLE WILLFUL.

"Engaged!" said Mrs. Buddington, breathlessly. "And to a woman whom you know so little of! Oh, Frank, Frank! How recklessly you men fling your lives about!"

Doctor Buddington smiled. Men as a rule do not seek to be lectured, but Doctor Buddington would endure more of mental discipline from his pretty sister-in-law than any other living person.

So he stood there, with folded arms, leaning against the velvet draperies of the mantle, while Mrs. Tom Buddington clipped the dead leaves off her roses and shook her little crepe head at him warningly.

"I don't suppose I know all about her," said he. "But a man might have a society acquaintance with a girl for ten years and really acquire very little knowledge of her true self. We all have to take our risks, Georgie, you know."

"One of your charity patients, I suppose," said Mrs. Buddington, scornfully.

"You are wrong there, Georgie," said the doctor with invincible good humor. "I met her first at one of the Thursday evening readings at the hall."

"Oh, I forgot your philanthropic enterprises," said Mrs. Buddington, elevating her wink nose—"where the lame, the blind and the halt, are all tumbled in together!"

"She is a working girl," said Doctor Buddington. "And she is in Madame Favassi's embroidery and worsted store. And her name is Angela Adams. And she lives with her mother in a cheap boarding-house on Eighth Avenue. And now you know all about it!"

"All!" Mrs. Buddington made two round arches of her eyebrows. "I suppose—although you haven't mentioned it—that she is pretty?"

"As beautiful as an angel," said Doctor Buddington, enthusiastically.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Buddington, shaking her head. "I'm afraid you've arrived at the desperate stage of the disease, Frank! A shop-girl in an avenue boarding-house, and beautiful as an angel!"

And she drew a long sigh of despair.

Just about the time Doctor Buddington was running the gauntlet of his sister-in-law's half-serious criticisms, Angela Adams was confiding to her mother the new life which had just dawned on her life.

"Angela, you don't mean it!" said poor Mrs. Adams. "It can't be possible!"

Mrs. Adams was pale and attenuated and shabby, with great hollows under her cheek-bones, and eyes that glowed beneath their brows like smoldering fires.

Angela was tall and graceful, with shining nut-brown hair, limpid brown eyes, and a delicate complexion, "where rose and lily strove together for mastery," as the old poet says.

"I do mean it!" says Angela. "And it is possible! He loves me, and wants me to be his wife."

"Oh, heaven be praised for that!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Adams. "Doctor Buddington is a rich gentlemen, who can place my jewel in a casket worthy of her brilliance. He has both social position and dignity. He is one whose notice would do credit to any girl. Did you tell him, darling, how honored you were at his preference?"

The sudden crimson flamed into Angela's cheek; her eyes glittered.

"Honored, mamma!" she exclaimed. "I? Indeed, no! There is no man living by whose gracious preference I should feel—honored!"

"Angela!"

"Doctor Buddington is very kind," said the girl, recklessly. "And I do not deny that I like him. But he is one of our uncanonized saints. And I am human. I like to dance, to go to parties, picnics, excursions. I delight in admiration, spirit, life. And," with an uplifting of her young head, "I do not propose to take the veil during all the rest of my life under the pretense of marrying. He need not think that because I went once or twice to the evening readings that I intend to devote the rest of my days to theology. I am not one of those soft, malleable human creatures who can be moulded into any shape or form. I am Angela Adams. And those who cannot take me just as I am had better let me entirely alone."

Mrs. Adams looked fairly appalled.

"Angela!" she cried. "Daughter! Are you crazy?"

Angela laughed.

"Mamma," said she, "I did not intend to indulge in such a tirade when I began. But I have only expressed my real sentiments, and now I must go back to the store, so good-bye!"

And with a loving kiss she left the warm little room where poor Mrs. Adams spent most of her time on a not particularly comfortable sofa.

Angela Adams was not unlike a half-tamed wild animal. Shy, sensitive, distrustful of herself, almost more than of others, capable of almost limitless affection, yet cold by intervals, her modes varied with kaleidescopic suddenness.

"Yes," said she within herself, "I love him! But—does he love me? Am I worthy of a place in his heart? Once enthroned there, am I capable of retaining my position? For I would rather never be loved than, once having loved, to lose my sceptre of command. Doctor Buddington is grave, silent, self-contained. I am a trivial-natured, untrained child; nor would I for worlds have him think me better than I am!"

And so, naturally enough, there came a time when their two natures jarred inharmoniously.

"Of course, Angela," said Doctor Buddington, unconsciously using her name, "you will not go to the 'Summer Night Festival?'"

"Why shouldn't I go," retorted Angela, all the rebellious instincts of her nature rising up against his words. "All the other shop-girls are going. And the Hudson by moonlight would be worthy of the artist's finest pencil!"

"Won't it be rather a mischievous crowd?" said Doctor Buddington, critically.

"I do not plume myself on being an aristocrat," said Angela, coldly.

"It isn't that, dear," argued the doctor. "But the Favard girls and Miss Belmont are going, with their cavaliers—at least I am so told—and they are scarcely the associates with whom I could wish you to mingle."

"We think differently on that as on many other subjects," said Angela.

"Do not go, Angela!" coaxed Doctor Buddington. "To oblige me, abandon the festival!"

"Not I!" said Angela, lightly. "I love music and I am devoted to the water, and I exult in moonlight. I shall go!"

Dr. Buddington looked sadly at the sweet, defiant young face. Was Georgie right, after all? Was there an inharmonious chord in Angela's nature which would scatter discord through their whole future lives?

He was a man who, although gentle, slow to decide and judicially impartial, was apt, now and again, to act on the spur of sudden impulse; and thus he spoke:

"Do as you please; but remember, Angela, that if you go to this summer-night picnic it will be in defiance of my plainly expressed wishes, and I shall interpret it in but one way."

So he went away, leaving Angela more determined than ever.

"I am not to be coerced like a child," she said, "and I will go!"

What a glorious night it was! The moonlight like beaming gold, the tees along the river bank full of mystic shadows, the band playing Strauss' sweet waltzes. The fact Kate Belmont had brought with her the brother whom Angela so vehemently disliked, was only a temporary damper to her enjoyment. And she danced, dreamed, watched the golden line of ripples that followed in their wake, and tried to forget Dr. Buddington's face—and all the time she was miserable.

"We are to stop here for water," cried Kate Belmont, rushing up to her, "fifteen minutes. And there is a glen with an ice-cold spring, and Dora Favassi and I are going ashore. The captain says there will be plenty of time to gather maiden-hair ferns at the spring. You will come with us, Angela"

And scarcely pausing to think, Angela joined the cluster of tumultuous young girls who were hurrying across the plank into the woods.

"Kate!" she cried. "Dora," wait for me."

But almost before she knew it, she was by Hugh Belmont's side, in the darksome recesses of the glade.

"Where is the spring," she breathlessly demanded. "Where are the others?"

"It will be all right," said Mr. Belmont, with the smooth, plausible smile which she so disliked. "Don't hurry, I beg. There is plenty of time. I know of a short cut which—"

"But I don't like short cuts," said Angela, angrily, and she remembered that she was alone with this man in the woods. "Take me back at once."

Mr. Belmont laughed in a sinister fashion.

"You don't like short cuts," said he, "and you don't like me. But I like you, my pretty princess, and Kate has been obliging enough to play into my hands. There they go back to the steamer. They have hardly had time enough to get much maiden-hair fern, eh?"

"Let us hasten," cried breathless Angela. "There the boat whistles now!"

But Mr. Hugh Belmont planted his stalwart figure resolutely across the path.

"We are not going back," he said. "Now, don't tremble so, Angela—I know some very pleasant people who live down the road, and I am going to take you there to spend the evening. All is fair, you know, my dear, in love and war."

Angela burst into a wild shriek.

"Help!" she cried, spurning the sneering villain away—help! help! Oh! is there no one to hear me?"

At that self-same second, a tall, dark figure seemed to glide like a shadow across their path—Hugh Belmont fell backward like a log, measuring his length on the dewy grass, and Angela felt her arm drawn resolutely through that of—Dr. Frank Buddington!

"You here?" she cried, with a little hysteric gasp. "Oh, Frank, I am so glad—so thankful!"

"We must walk quickly," he said, in a low voice. "The steamer has already sounded her signal of departure—we have not a second to lose."

It was like a troubled dream—the shifting moonlight, the dewy thickets, the glisten of the river, the consciousness that they were once more afloat, with the sweet clamor of "The beautiful Blue Danube" again chiming in her ears, the colored lights of the boat shedding a rainbow-like glory on the thronged deck.

Doctor Buddington led her to a secluded seat, and stood in silence beside her. She was very pale—she wrung her hands.

"How came you on board?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Because, Angela, I felt that you needed a protector—because I did not dare to trust my treasured lamb among wolves. Do you know, dear," he added, impressively, "that you have had a most narrow escape?"

"Yes," she answered, shuddering. "Oh, Frank, I have been so mad, so willful, that I almost deserved the worst which fate could award me. I have been trying an experiment with my own heart, and it has failed me. Dear Frank, can you forgive me? Can you credit me when I tell you that I shall never defy your better judgment again?"

He stooped down in the shadow and tenderly kissed her brow.

"My own darling," he said, "I can credit anything which is good and true of you! You are only a little willful, that if my folly had enstranged you, I should have been wretched for life."

And that was the end of Angela's experiment; and Mrs. Dr. Buddington is the most graceful and dignified of young matrons, so that even Mrs. Georgie says, wonderingly:

"I never could have believed that she could turn out such a perfect woman. Frank, you were right, after all."—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

From Rev. Job Turner.

INST. FOR DEAF AND DUMB,
DANVILLE, August 4, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I have, this afternoon, stopped off here to take a look at this Institution as it is. I am now on my way to Nashville, Tenn., to fulfill my promise to have service next Sunday. "I shall, therefore, have to get off at midnight.

Last Sunday I rested very well at Chattanooga, no service being held, on account of the absence of the rector.

Last Sunday night I took a flying run to Cincinnati, and found myself there early next morning. There I got an important mail, which accounting for my going there.

I called on Mr. John Barrick, an engraver of remarkable skill. He told me that the deaf-mute residents were all doing well. Time forbade my talking with him any longer.

I was afterwards walking in a heavy rain, when I met Mr. Jesse Hoagland, and had a few moments' talk with him. Some one reported him as being a very skillful printer. I had the pleasure of conversing with his deaf and dumb father at the Cincinnati Convention, and he signed to me that he had about sixty relatives in this condition, if I do not mistake.

Last Monday afternoon we had a stormy railroad ride. It was raining as fast as it could pour, when we reached Lexington, Kentucky, once the home of Henry Clay, the statesman and patriot.

Mr. R. H. King, a very intelligent deaf-mute gentleman gave me a warm welcome to his house, as he always does. He does business for six or eight different insurance companies, one of which is in London, England. They tell me that he can talk plainly, though he was born deaf as I was. I cannot speak a word. I enjoyed a very sound sleep under his sheltering roof that night. His office stands to the Historic Court House, where Henry Clay used to plead for law. Mr. King's father knew him very intimately. The high monument erected to his memory can be seen from a great distance on a clear day.

I met and entered into conversation with Mr. Garth. He has made about eight hundred bushels of wheat and, sold it at one dollar per bushel. He is a deaf-mute of great industry and energy. He has a deaf-mute wife and two speaking children.

Mr. Gadbury, a graduate of this Institution, paid me a call at Mr. King's on the night of my arrival. He is a printer in a job printing office in that town.

On Tuesday night we had a very beautiful moonlight journey to the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, which appeared to us. I remained there, but two days, and enjoyed very much the company of Mr. Daniel P. Marcy, a remarkably smart deaf-mute gentleman of New Orleans, that length of time. I found him looking better than when he left home about three weeks ago. He gave me to understand that he would start for Harrisburg, Pa., with his wife about th 15th inst. He clerks for one of the lawyers in New Orleans. I met some of my old friends at the Springs, which fact made me feel at home there. They wanted me to have a service there next Sunday, but I was obliged to decline the offer, on account of an engagement in Nashville, Tenn. I shall enjoy a week of rest there, after the adjournment of the Jacksonville, Ill., and may avail myself of it to hold a service.

The Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the Saratoga of the South, needs no description, as it is well-known throughout the country. I shall often summer there instead of going North as heretofore.

Last night I bade good bye to the Springs, reached Lexington again this morning, got off here this afternoon, and start for Nashville, Tenn., to night.

I expect to have my hands all of this month.

The buildings added to the main, one will make a fine appearance, when completed. School will begin next October. They will have a fine chapel.

My faith friend Principal Dudley gives me an old North Carolina welcome whenever I come here. He is engaged to look at the work done on the new buildings, and also to see that the contracts are well complied with.

This institution was established by Kentucky through the influence of the elder John A. Jacobs, who before its opening rode on horse-back all the way from here to Hartford, Conn., to qualify himself for an instructor of the deaf and dumb, sold his horse to pay for tuition in signs, and studied under Laurent Clerc, who charged fifty dollars, as I am told. I leave to night, so I must say adieu.

Yours Sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A TRIP TO CONNECTICUT.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—You will oblige the writer and all deaf-mute residents of Thomaston, Ct., by informing them through your columns of the safe arrival home of Miss Mamie Genet, daughter of Wm. M. Genet, and who had been enjoying a visit with her brother, W. F., and several other acquaintances, residents of Thomaston and employers of the Seth Thomas clock factory. Her brother has been there two years, enjoys good health, has constant employment and is comfortably situated. His wife, however, is quite delicate in health. She does not wish to live in New York again. She called upon Mr. and Mrs. Ould, who own the house in which they reside. It is a beautiful place; long may they live to enjoy it.

Among others who received a visit from Mr. T. F. Genet's wife are the families of Crossman, Davis and Marsh. The latter being a teacher of the mutes' Bible class, which is held every Sabbath at the home of one of the different members. He seems to have been very successful in forming his class, and bringing the mutes together for Bible instruction. Although it has been tried and failed in New York, where there were many more in numbers, who ought to be instructed, yet through Mr. Marsh's efforts they have been able to keep united. Of speaking people included in her visit, mention must be made of Mrs. Welton, living near her brother's, where his little niece, who accompanied her, spent a large portion of her time swinging, playing on the grass, riding, etc. Although absent but two weeks, the visit was highly enjoyed, and a happy escape from our heated city.

The return journey over the New Haven railroad was very pleasant, in which she was accompanied by Mr. Muth as far as Waterbury, Ct.

Many thanks to all who interested themselves in making her visit a pleasant one. H.

A Reminiscence of his Majesty the late King of Hanover.

I was sorry to hear of the death of the King of Hanover. It brought to my recollection an incident when the King was Prince George of Cumberland—I was a private pupil of Mr. Thomas James Watson, (son of the late Dr. Watson), of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in the Old Kent Road, in 1830. Prince George of Cumberland and his cousin, Prince George of Cambridge, with their tutors, the Rev. R. W. (afterwards Dr.) Jelf and the Rev. J. Ryle Wood (now Canon of Worcester), came to the Old Kent Road Asylum to see the Deaf and Dumb School in 1831. Their Royal Highnesses were highly pleased to see the school, and remained more than an hour. I remember Prince George of Cambridge (now the Duke of Cambridge) left the school-room, and went to the entrance hall himself to fetch his footman to see the deaf and dumb children. I thought it was very kind of him to do so. He was a very fine footman in lively, and I admired him. I and my few schoolfellows stood a little way from our desks to bow to the Prince. They were very polite to us. The Prince asked Mr. Watson, the principal of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, to be so good as to allow the children to have a Royal Holiday in the afternoon. We were all asked to thank the Prince for their kindness. Mr. Watson took them and their tutors to the general dining room to see the boys and girls at their dinners. The Prince George of Cumberland asked one of the deaf and dumb assistants for a small piece of hot suet pudding. Mr. Watson ordered one of the boys to get a better plate, silver fork, silver spoon and knife, at once, but Prince George said he did not want them. His Royal Highness took a piece of pudding in his fingers, and said, "Oh! it is very good pudding." The Princes were highly pleased with their visit to the school. They thanked the Principal for his kind attention to them, and then they entered their Royal Carriage and went home. We enjoyed our Royal Holiday in the afternoon. Two years ago, I was waiting at Claridge's Hotel in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, to see the ex-King of Hanover enter the Queen's Royal Carriage. I was close to him—it affected me much to see his blindness; but he seemed very happy, quiet and gentlemanly. He died peacefully in Paris.—*From Magazine for the Deaf and Dumb.*

FREDK. CLARKE.

August, 1878.

A Fanwoodite in Western N. C.

Thinking that my schoolmates would like to read about my trip to the "land of the sky,' I will tell all about it. I left Mebanesville with some friends on a train. We whizzed away all the night, unpleasantly sitting in the second class car, crowded with an excursion party. Before the sun rose we were approaching a station where we were going to eat our breakfast.

"Breakfast for fifteen minutes," cried the conductor.

The train stopped at Henry's, a hamlet surrounded by high mountains. The passengers jumped out and ran a race to a small hotel to catch our seats. We caught our seats too, and our knives and forks flew into the air.

After breakfasting, we took the train for Ashville, twenty miles away. The rear car was an open car, the train moved very slowly, and we had every opportunity for viewing and enjoying what really was worth all the discomforts of the night before with the awful breakfast.

As we creep along over some dizzy trestle, or cross some tremendous hill, the lady passengers are observed to become somewhat quiet, absorbed, no doubt, in the contemplation of the wonders accomplished by the mind and hand of man. As we lean over the edge of the car and look down, down, down to where the trees seem saplings, and the rocks pebbles, we are not scared, but we speculate the probable distance and how long would the train take to reach the bottom if it should jump the track, and whether our friends could find enough of us to carry home.

Everywhere blue, misty mountains covered with laurel bushes in bloom, affording abundant material for the artist along the road from Henrys to Ashville. Some of those magnificent curves rival the famous Horse Shoe curve on the Pennsylvania road. What a grand and beautiful scenery beyond beggars description we see in every direction. The train went on climbing up a heavy grade and winding around like the Grecian labyrinth, arrived at Ashville at dinner time. We have passed through about ten tunnels, from 500 feet to a mile long, cut through solid rock.

North Carolina is, to a great extent, an unknown country, especially the true region west of Morganton. While the White Mountains, the Catskills, the Green Mountains, the Alleganies, in Pennsylvania, and the Blue Ridge, in Virginia, are heralded to the world at almost every exhibition of sketches or paintings held in this country, the mountains of our State are passed over in silence. We do not care for such notoriety.

I left my friends at Ashville, and started out on a pedestrian tour of several miles. At length I reached a fine farm on which an old, uneducated deaf-mute resides. After staying there a week, I walked 25 miles, away up and down mountains all day. At the end of the journey, I strayed from the public road intending to take a short way to a deaf-mute's house. But I got lost in the woods, and went about rambling and trying to find my way out again. The sun had set in the west. The moon came up, and the woods looked grim and death-like. Fearing an attack from a rattlesnake or panther every moment, I at length got sight of a lamp deep in a dark valley, and rapidly wended my way towards it. As I neared the light, I discovered a log cabin, from a window of which shone the light of the lamp. When only a few paces from the cabin, the door opened, and a womon with a revolver in hand, came out and demanded of me what I was about. She had evidently seen me approaching. I told her by signs that I was lost and wished to find my way out of the woods. She simply pointed to the top of a near mountain. I rambled towards it and on reaching its summit espied a log cabin. I was soon inside and eating supper from the generous bounty of a hunter. After eating my fill, I was kindly shown the way to the house of the deaf-mute whom I had intended to see before. I reached it safely, but was very much exhausted. Will write more of the trip.

Very truly yours,
W. L. BINGHAM.

EPHPHATHA.

A PASTORAL LETTER.

One of the signs by which the prophets declared that Messiah should be known, was that He should unstop the ears of the deaf, and make the tongue of the dumb to sing. It is one of the signal triumphs of these Messianic days that the deaf and dumb have been taught to hear and speak of Christ in a language of their own. And it is surely a mark of brotherhood with this merciful Christ when for His dear sake and theirs we follow Him in the effort to enable this afflicted class to share the blessings of His great salvation.

No argument is needed to urge my Brethren in the household of faith to accept the privilege of laboring with our excellent Missionary. He is carrying the blessed tidings for us to his afflicted people, and ministering in our behalf, as only a Christian Pastor can, to their temporal necessities. The Rev. A. W. Mann has several thousand deaf-mutes under his care, in this and neighboring dioceses. His work is peculiarly difficult because his people are scattered; happily, only a few deaf-mutes being found in any community, except that of a great city. His work is to seek out these scattered children of God, to serve them personally or by letter, to assist the sick and needy, to aid in finding work for the industrious, to bring them together for worship, to administer Baptism and assist in administering the Lord's Supper, and to make their cases known to the Pastor nearest to their homes. The work requires much patience, and very much labor and travel. It certainly should awaken our liveliest sympathy, and call out our generous aid. I commend the object very heartily to your generous contributions to-day.

Faithfully, your Bishop,
G. T. BEDELL.

To the Diocese of Ohio.

The Clergy of the Diocese are affectionately requested to read the above Pastoral Letter to the congregation which they shall serve on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 27th, next ensuing; and to make a collection for the Deaf-Mute Mission. The collection is to be sent to Mr. Samuel L. Mather, 101½ Water St., Cleveland, O., our Diocesan Missionary Treasurer. When sending it, let the object be carefully specified. My brethren of the Clergy are urged to give full notice of the proposed collection, on some previous occasion of public worship.

G. T. BEDELL.

FROM THE KEYSTONE STATE.

DEAR SIR:—There was a splendid deaf-mute picnic near Dunmore. There were about fifty people in attendance, and all had a jolly time dancing, etc. It was noticed that one of the ladies from Philadelphia acted just like a fine actress when she danced. She is on a visit to Plymouth, Pa., and will stay till September 1st.

The expenses amounted to $24—$4 are left and deposited in the Treasury for the benefit of the Scranton Deaf-Mute Association.

It is reported that there were about 20 deaf-mute picnickers attending the picnic at Shickshinny. They seemed to have had a good time. Most of the mutes of this city could not go for the reason it was too far away.

J. F. Eisele had a splendid time in Shickshinny, where he met his old schoolmates. HOLY NOSE.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 17, 1882

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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SECRETS.

"How can we trust that another will guard our secrets if we do not guard them ourselves? All the world agrees that secrets ought to be inviolable, but everyone is not of the same opinion in regard to the nature and importance of secrets. We consult ourselves oftener than anyone else on what we ought to keep secret and what we ought to reveal. Few secrets can be kept long, and the scruples about revealing them does not endure forever." So says the Frenchman, La Rochefoucauld, and he is right. No two men are exactly of the same opinion about anything, secrets included. They look upon things in a different light, and it is fortunate that it is so, for if everyone was of the same opinion, this world would be a rather dreary place to live in. When one strikes a flint with a bit of steel, sparks are produced. It is the same with regard to minds; different opinions clashing together, produce results which often lead both to much good and to much harm also. A man who does not mix with his fellowmen and thus have his wits sharpened by the contact with the world gets in a rut, and in time his mind becomes a stagnant pool, whereas he, who is always in search of a dispute, becomes, in a very short time, a meddler in the affairs of others, and a quarrelsome fellow to boot.

Some people are so distrustful that they make a great secret out of the merest trifle. They seem always on the watch for fear that they will be overreached and cheated. The deaf have often been accused of being distrustful, and we think the accusation is just. We have to watch people so closely in order to learn what is going on, that we are led to be suspicious. Although that feeling may be natural to men, also wrong, and we should endeavor to overcome it as much as possible. We do not mean that implicit confidence should be placed in everyone, for that would be absurd, but when a person is worthy of confidence, we should trust him fully, if we trust him at all.

Some people are in the habit of worming secrets out of their friends, and then going around telling the things which were told to them in confidence, and laughing at the simplicity of those who trusted to their honor. This class of people are a regular nuisance. They cause a great deal of trouble; set friend against friend, and often break up households. When taxed with their dishonorable conduct, they either deny it in toto, or else pretend that they meant no harm.

Secrets are bad things to have, and the fewer we have the better. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible to live in this world without having some secrets. No one likes to have his private affairs made public property. Some time ago, we saw in an exchange that a whole town was trying to find out how a rich man got his money. He was poor a few years ago and left the town. On his return he spent money very freely, and always seemed to have plenty. His townsmen were astonished, and asked him all sorts of impertinent questions. It even got into a paper, the editor of which, with the most refreshing coolness, demanded the source of his income. Of course the rich man refused to gratify such idle curiosity. His townsmen even accused him of being a counterfeiter, and set detectives after him. No one is obliged to tell what he wishes to conceal, except in a court of law, and even then only to further the purpose of justice.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Reward for old Tabby tom cat, very deaf, 15 years old. 715 6th ave.—*N. Y. Herald, Aug. 6*

Henry A. Chapman was in New Hampshire lately, and he is reported to have had a Jumbo time.

Thomas Barlow, of Montreal, Canada, wishes to find the whereabouts of his sister Mary Ann Barlow. He has not seen or heard from her for years.

Ira Poland, of Beverly, has a hen that has laid an egg eight inches one way and seven another way. That beats Almos Smith's big egg that only measured 7½ inches one way.

Mrs. Curtis, of Amesbury, Mass., widow of the late Mr. Curtis, has gone to live with her sister in North Hampton, N. H. She is blind, and her sister, Mrs. Chase, supports her.

A wee little stranger has come to bless the household of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden, of Beverly, lately made desolate by the death of their two fine boys. It is a girl, and came on the 19th of July last.

Sixteen deaf-mutes are registered on the books of the steamer James W. Baldwin, which plies between this city and Rondout, N. Y., for the month of July, not one of whom were able to obtain half fare.

The mother of Daniel Dickson, a former pupil of the New York and the Rome Schools, has just received $2,000 back pay (pension) from the Government. Her husband received injuries in the late war which resulted in his death. When Daniel's term expired at the Rome School, he being a "crank" and his mother too poor to provide for him, he was sent to an insane asylum at Utica, N. Y., we believe.

While Mr. John Poor, of Newburyport, Mass., was repairing the cellar door of an ancient house, which he recently bought and fitted up as a tenant, he unearthed several very old coins, all cent pieces, on some of which the dates were completely worn out. On one of the American coins the date was 1806, and on another French coin 1781. Mr. Poor is as active as any man of not over forty, yet he is 70 years old, and does most of the work on his house, which he is to let to hearing persons.

Samuel Hamilton called upon Governor Long at his home in Bingham, and was kindly received by his Excellency, who made inquiries concerning the school at Beverly, for which Mr. Hamilton was collecting. He ended by telling Mr. Hamilton to call at the State House in Boston the Monday following and he would give something toward the School. Mr. Hamilton called at his office according to his request, and his Excellency gave something, with the remark that he was glad to be able to do anything for so worthy an object.

Mrs. Ranald Douglas reached her home at Gardner, Mass., August 10th, and requests her friends to address her there. She stopped in Worcester nine days, and attended the wedding of her chum, Ella. She would like to know the address of Mrs. A. O. Bowler, of Maine. She also wishes a visit from her friend, "Rachel," of Winchendon, any time. She wishes to hear from her Beverly, Mass., friend, Persis, very much. Mr. Douglas is yet in Washington, but is preparing to leave before many weeks. If Bella Flagg has yet a mind to come to Gardner, Lizzie bids her "come." Mr. James F. Frellick is home on a vacation, but is expected back to Gardner in a few weeks.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, just issued, is full of interesting matter. A common sign-language and a common manual alphabet being used throughout the whole country, are instrumental in conveying and receiving ideas with great rapidity, the mutes enjoying signs as those who hear enjoy sounds as the medium for transmitting thought. The workers among this class of our population are steadily increasing in number, and a large proportion of these unfortunates in the different parts of the country are reached by their ministrations. Rev. A. W. Mann, who was admitted to Holy Orders by Bishop Bedell in 1877, is especially active in this good work, in which all who believe in Jesus, the healer of the deaf and dumb man, cannot fail to feel a deep interest.—*Cleveland (O.) Herald, Aug. 4.*

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society, an organization which has existed several years, for the purpose of holding religious services on Sundays and lectures on Wednesdays, make an appeal to the public in behalf of the grand New England Fair of Deaf-Mutes to be held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., sometime in October, the proceeds of which will be turned over to a committee, to be used as a "charity fund" for the benefit of the sick and indigent members of the Society. A complimentary ticket is given to each donor of $1 or more. At this fair the products of deaf-mute skill and their handiwork of all sorts, will be exhibited. Contributions of fancy work or useful articles are also solicited. The authorized agent, Mr. Edward Welch, a deaf-mute of Boston, has also visited many of the principal towns in this section with gratifying success, but contributions of all kinds may be sent direct to the manager, George A. Holmes, Office Registry of Deeds, Boston, if desired.—*Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times.*

Pity the Poor.

Day after day, seated on a bench in the rear of the second police court, can be seen an individual whose behavior is irreproachable. Never does a sound escapes his lips. The court officers are never called upon to cry out "Order in court" so far as he is concerned. He does not seem to take any interest in the court business, nor does he ever venture upon an opinion as to the merits of any case. He is indeed worthy of this notice, inasmuch as he is an exception to the rule, as very few of the frequenters of the court can claim attention in that respect. Alas! the poor man is a mute.—*New Orleans Sunday States.*

Fred Cocagne, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., expects to be married to a deaf-mute lady next fall.

On Sunday, the 20th inst., Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Gulick, of Stockton, N. J., will be baptized by the Rev. D. E. K. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. began a three weeks' vacation, August 14th. They will visit the latter's parents and sisters.

The mother of Fred Cocagne, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., got $4,500 by the death of her husband last July. His mother's aunt received a like amount.

Waldo C. Corbett went to Stuyvesant Falls, to see Wilson Carmichael. He found that C. was married and had moved away. A friend invited Mr. Corbett to stay over Sunday night.

On the 19th of August, Robert Heller and James Nash, both of Rigelsville, N. J., will go on an excursion train which leaves Philadelphia for Long Branch. They would be greatly pleased if they should happen to meet any one of their old companions who intend to be there on that day.

On the 16th of August, Mr. Henry A. Heller and Miss Mary Beaumont, of Lambertville, N. J., will be joined in matrimony at the bride's home, by the Rev. Dr. Elam K. Smith. They expect to spend a happy time Saturday evening, the 19th, by having a wedding party, and serving out the contents of a keg of beer to the guests. The sweet melody of a German band will be added to the merriment of the evening.

Julius F. Lang, of New York City, was loud in his expressions of delight at the home of his friend, Solomon H. Winne, of Kingston, N. Y., with whom he spent a week during his already famous vacation trip up the Hudson. He describes the latter as having a very pleasant home, graced with the presence of three lovely creatures—sisters—the oldest of whom is just blooming into the ripe state of womanhood. The parents are of the most affectionate character. Every thing imaginable was done to make Lang's visit pleasant to him, and though a couple of weeks have passed since the occasion, the memory of the pleasures he had and the things and people he saw during his brief stay in the country, are still fresh and dear to him. He was accompanied on his visits to Catskill, Albany and Saratoga, by his agreeable friend, S. H. Winne.

Killed by the cars.

William Weiss, about 65 years old, while walking on Burth's bridge, near Hightstown, N. J., about 11 o'clock Thursday forenoon, Aug. 10th, was struck and instantly killed by the cars. The unfortunate man was deaf, and did not apprehend the danger until he was struck. The case was investigated, and an inquest was decided to be unnecessary.

A Strange Family.

Abraham Rifenburgh, who says he lives twelve miles below Catskill, arrived on State street today with a horse and wagon that have evidently seen better days. The wagon contained his wife, and what Rifenburgh said were his five children. The man looked as though he had just emerged from the backwoods. The woman would pass muster, but the children were painful to behold. But one of them, a girl eighteen months of age, possessed its right mind. The other children were either dwarfs or imbeciles, while three of them were deaf and dumb, not having uttered a sound, the man said, since their birth. The oldest child was twelve years of age, and was in fact a living skeleton, with sunken face, and hands scarcely larger than an infant's. The man said he had it weighed three weeks ago and it weighed but ten pounds. Among the children are twins, eight years of age, and one weighed twenty-five pounds and the other twenty. The other child that was deaf and dumb was six years of age and weighed twenty pounds. All were more or less emaciated and seemed much in want of good care. The father said he was a poor man and would not exhibit his children, but would not object to allowing others to exhibit them. A resident of Saratoga, who was passing up State street, informed one of the reporters of the *Times* that the president of the village of Saratoga Springs had complained of the man day before yesterday to the agent of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children, in that village, and a warrant had been issued for his arrest. He had left Saratoga, and it was not known where he had gone until to-day. Word has been sent to Saratoga that the family are in this city.

The attention of Chief Maloy was called to these human curiosities, and he at once caused their arrest. The woman and children, with the horse and wagon, were sent to the almshouse. The man was taken to jail. It is thought these people will be returned to Saratoga Springs to-morrow.

A Blind and Deaf Poet.

One of the most remarkable products of humanity known to this generation is Morrison Heady, of Kentucky. He is blind as a bat, and deaf as a post, and laboring under such disadvantages that it would be wonderful if he could do anything, or had learned anything; he is a marvel of mechanical dexterity, of inventive genius, and of clear and quick cogitation. One seeing him walking the streets of Louisville with head erect and strong tread, holding a little boy by the hand, would not suspect his disabilities, nor, watching him at the counter of a hardware store purchasing a knife, would an observer think anything of the matter, unless he happened to note that the dealer spoke no word, but only touched the hand of the customer.

Among his inventions is a leather glove, with the letters of the alphabet painted on it. You can talk to him as fast as you can touch those letters with the end of your finger. Another of his inventions is a mechanical writing machine, with which he can write and others can transcribe. The machine pricks its way along the paper, and he can read his own writing by the sense of touch. Others can use the machine to write out for him anything not procurable in blind type, and he can then read it with his fingers and indirectly have access to the literary gems which would otherwise be a sealed book to him. Usually a blind man can hear, but it is useless to read to Heady. His speech is as clear and as sharp as that of a man of education, combined with great force of will and perfect faculties. Since he cannot hear himself speak, the fact is a remarkable physic puzzle—for the best of us learn accuracy of pronunciation and distinctness of enunciation by dint of long practice and study, educating ourselves by the aid of our ears and eyes.

Among his other accomplishments this man numbers the art of poetry. Several years ago, he published a volume of poetry. At every point he is a master. Iambic pentameter rolls from his machine as easily as iambic tetrameter ripped from Scott's pen. The reader who has never seen this man's poetry will be incredulous, but a glance down a few pages of hexameter will convince any one that Heady can write any sort of poetry he likes.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Miss Jessie U. Sawhill, a sister of Collins Sawhill, will go to Columbus, O., to attend the Reunion, which will be held Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Patrick comes to the morgue to claim a lost relative. "Has he any peculiarity by which he may be recognized?" "Yes; he is dumb."—*Weekly paper.*

Mrs. Kate Friend presented her husband with a nine-pound boy-baby last Tuesday, Aug. 1st. It is a very pretty, healthy baby. Mr. Friend is very proud of it.

Miss Lizzie Noble, in response to many inquiries, desires to inform her friends that her address is "Cooper Cottage," Ocean Grove, N. J., until Sept. 1st.

W. O. Fitzgerald starts on a two weeks' vacation jaunt to-day. He will go to Portland, Me., where he will spend a few days, then take in Boston and the Norwich Convention.

On account of poor health, Wilber L. Sawhill had to leave his work for a while, and went to Taylorstown, Pa., where "Ike" Sawhill and his relatives live. We hope that he will come back to his post again.

About two weeks ago, Mr. Ed. Welch, the authorized agent for the deaf-mute fair at Boston, stopped at St. Johnsonsburg, Vt., for a few days, and called upon Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow. They enjoyed his visit.

Mrs. Thomas J. McClurg is visiting friends in Unionstown and Smithfield, Pa., and enjoying the Alleghany mountain air. Mr. McClurg expects to accompany her to Webster City, Ia., in September, to see her brother and others.

Charles O'Brien, New York's champion deaf-mute shoemaker, is seriously ill with inflammation of the bowels. The doctors express some fears for the result, so a JOURNAL representative was told on Sunday. We hope he is much better at the present time.

The committee appointed by the Manhattan Literary Association to secure a hall for its next levee, have obtained Lyric Hall, 6th Ave. bet. 41st and 42d Sts., for the evening of December 27th. A committee of arrangements will be appointed at the Association's first meeting in September.

Miss Lizzie Kern was married to Joseph Kolhoff, Detroit's deaf-mute merchant tailor, on the 6th of July. Rev. Worthington, of St. John's Episcopal Church, tied the knot. The bride was the recipient of many handsome souvenirs. The happy couple went South on their wedding trip the day after the ceremony.

On Sunday, July 30th, an excursion train took Lodge 97, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, from Braddock to Johnstown, Pa., to attend a deceased member's funeral. Six deaf-mutes were there—namely, C. S. Sawhill, G. M. Reading, Samuel Davidson, T. Cummings, J. Mishler and H. C. Ross. On the way, the locomotive struck a cow and killed it.

A watermelon festival took place in Brooklyn on Saturday evening last. Messrs. Reynolds, Wilkinson and Juhring distinguished themselves on this occasion by the number of slices they put away. As usual, Wilkinson came out first, and will continue to wear the leather medal, which he has possessed for the past year, as a token of his invincibility as a melon demolisher.

On the night of the 11th inst., Rev. Job Turner, after a flying journey from Mexico, of about 4,000 miles in 2½ months, stepped off at Litchfield, Ill., and joyfully met his old pupils, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Skelton. He had not seen him for 38 years and her for 28 years. He found the State of Illinois level and fertile. He was informed that it has more miles of railroads than any other State. He was on his way to Delavan, Wis., via St. Louis and Chicago.

Mr. Jacques Loew, one of Gotham's well-known Hebrew gentlemen, is employed as manager in the large house of Moses Levy & Son, manufacturers of fine leather toilet boxes, pocket-books, and other fancy articles of rare and artistic design. The business owes its success and advancement mainly to the industry (a universal characteristic of the Jews) of Mr. Loew, who is a shrewd and thrifty business man. Four other deaf-mutes are employed in the same house.

Mr. H. A. Bear, of Elkton, Va., is the mute proprietor and owner of the Alkaline Lithia Springs, in the beautiful and picturesque Shenandoah Valley. These waters are efficacious in kidney and nervous affections, dyspepsia, etc. It is really the fountain of health. His country seat, called Upper Bon Air, is fine and attractive, within a short distance of the mountains and near the Shenandoah River, affording good opportunities for bass fishing, boating, etc. He proposes to open a private hotel on that site for invalids and pleasure seekers, in a year or so.

Prof. Selah Wait, who had for 34 years been an instructor at the Illinois Institution, died in Lincoln, Neb., and his body was sent home to Jacksonville, Ill. He was suffering from an affection of the throat, and came to Lincoln a little more than a week ago, hoping to be benefitted by the change of climate. But death overtook him suddenly. He was visiting his former pupil, Mr. W. G. Marshall, of this city, and paralysis was the cause of his death. The Professor had four daughters, who are teachers in the named school.—*Lincoln State Democrat, Aug. 1st.*

A SILENT PICNIC.

SHOEMAKERSVILLE, Aug. 9.—The picnic of the deaf-mutes last Monday, passed off in a pleasant manner. The picnic was gotten up by the Reading Deaf-Mutes' Literary Association, whose rooms are at 830 Penn Street, Reading. The Reading party arrived at 8 A.M., and others from different parts of the country began to arrive soon after, and by 10 o'clock all met at the residence of W. H. Eakins. They then proceeded in a body to the beautiful grove of Joshua Reber, where, after satisfying the inner man with a bountiful supply of good things, they enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Ball playing and games of various kinds best known to themselves were indulged in, in mute silence and satisfaction. It was regretted that the other mutes could not be present, which would have made the number double, but they expect to have another picnic some future time. The following were present: W. H. Eakins and family, Miss Louisa Shappell, John W. Shappell, of this place; Hugh E. Gross and wife, John Botzum and wife, Mrs. Rosa Snyder, Joseph Snow, Henry Hagy, Miss Hettie K. Whitman, Miss Rosa Bauknecht, Miss Kate Haunch, Miss Lizzie W. Hagy, Miss Kate Schatz—all from Reading, Miss Dora Kintzle and Miss Martha L. Carter, from Tamaqua, and Clement Parlaman, from Birdsboro, also a few others from this place. The Reading party left on the 5:41 train.—*Reading, (Pa.) Daily Eagle, Aug 9.*

DIED.

LAWRENCE—At Morgan City, LA., on the 28th of July, at 4:30 A.M., Walter B. Lawrence, aged 37 years and 19 days. He was a native of Lexington, Ky., and was for a time a pupil at the New York Institution.

Leo Greis will accompany I. N. Soper and party to New England.

Allen A. Meacham, of Guildhall, Vt., went to Johnsonsbury to see Jumbo on the 12th.

The next meeting of the Twilight Union takes place in Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, Sept. 9th.

Among the attendants at St. Ann's last Sunday, were Mr. Willard Smith and Miss Carrie Powers.

Congress has at last adjourned, and Hons. Soper and Souweine are now taking their vacation.

Henry A. Porter returned to St. Johnsonsburg, Vt., on the 26th ult., from Canada. He had a good time across the border.

Mr. C. K. W. Strong and his two sons, of Washington, D. C., are the guests of Mr. H. A. Bear, of Elkton, Va., for the summer vacation.

Another Deaf-Mute Killed.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The oft repeated admonition, "Don't walk on the track," seems absolutely of no avail to deaf-mutes; for right in the face of this advice and with no apparent regard for their life or safety, they persist in walking on the track absorbed in their thoughts or imaginations, and as a consequence meet the inevitable fate.

My father asked me, "Will deaf-mutes ever learn to keep off the track?" I replied in the negative.

On Tuesday August 1st, Mr. James Smith, formerly of the Illinois Institution, was run over and instantly killed by the powerful Iron horse, near here while walking on the track toward his place of business. When the freight train was coming upon him, a flagman or switchman tried to attract his attention by waving his arms after vainly shouting to him, but he was bent on thinking with his head down. It is said that Smith had been ordered by a brakeman to go off after jumping on board just before the accident.

He had been working in a lumber yard with another deaf-mute, named O'Callahan. He left a sorrowing widowed mother who had depended upon him for her sole support.

Walking on the track is terribly reckless, and frequently leads to a dreadful calamity. It looks very much like suicide, but after fifteen years of observation, I find that a large majority of deaf-mutes who had been killed believed they could be on the alert and so escape a thundering train as well as they would a wagon while crossing the streets; but that is a most serious blunder. Trains come along as suddenly as a cyclone or a hurricane. Don't walk on the track, I say to the readers; and yet we see in the JOURNAL nearly every week, that a deaf-mute or two are killed by cars.

The Boston *Herald* says: "The countryman is a stupendous success wherever gas in concerned. When he goes to his hotel, the first thing the clerk says to him: 'Don't blow out the gas!' The hall boy repeats it, and when the porter brings up his trunk, he also growls: 'Don't blow out the gas!' When the countryman retires, he goes to the gas fixture and sees on a black and white placard, in words two long miles, '*Don't blow out the gas!!*' He reads this aloud very carefully, and then blows out the gas! A few hours later and the nightwatchman smells it, batters down the door and the ruralite is taken to the hospital where he is chronicled as 'asphyxicated,' and left to live or die."

I am reminded of this story when I read of a deaf-mute getting killed on the track.

Let me say again, don't walk on the track!

SIDNEY HERBERT HOWARD.
CHICAGO, ILL., August 6, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO PHILADELPHIA.

ANOTHER EXCURSION.

The Clerc Literary Association will have its excursion to Sea Breeze, where fishing, boating, bathing, etc., may be indulged in, on the steamer, "John A. Miller," Thursday, August 24th, 1882. Boat leaves Chestnut Street wharf at 8:15 A.M. Adults ticket, 50 cents. Children's ticket, 25 cents.

A programme of comical and pleasant games is expected to be arranged by the Committee on Games on board the boat.

Refreshments and meals are sold on the steamer; meals 50 cents. Those who expect to go on the excursion may take their baskets as they please.

At the picnic at Lakeside Park, it was disagreeable outside, now the coming excursion will be our last chance.

Excursion down the river is, in general, beneficial to the health of young children. Come yourselves with your precious children on this excursion.

The Committee will be very much obliged to all the readers if they will notice this excursion to those who do not read the JOURNAL, or to their hearing friends. Tickets may be had from the Committee, viz: Mr. Thomas Breen, Chairman, No. 156 North 11th Street; Wm. H. Lipsett, Secretary, No. 1116 South 13th Street, and Edward D. Wilson, Treasurer, No. 1740 Park Avenue; or at the Chestnut Street wharf on the morning of the excursion.

WILLIAM H. LIPSETT,
C. L. A. Secretary.

NOTICE.

Deaf-Mutes of Saratoga and vicinity, are invited to attend service in Bethesda Church, on Sunday, Aug. 20th, at 8 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret.

NEW YORK.

The Norwich Convention.

CAN GOTHAM ORGANIZE A BASE BALL NINE?

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The Norwich Convention is talked of to an unlimited extent by those who have the faintest hope of attending.

One of the chief reasons of this, is that Gotham intends, if suitable players can be obtained, to send a base ball nine to the convention to defeat Mr. Green's much talked of nine, or be defeated, as Dame Fortune will have it.

At the present time, Mr. Wilkinson, who has taken the responsibility of the management of the nine, has been assured that at least four good players intend to uphold the glory of Gotham, and the trouble is four more are wanted.

Mr. Wilkinson would like to know if the Donnelly brothers, of Blackstone, Mass., could be induced to join his nine. They are both ex-Fanwoodites, and it would give him great pleasure to have them on his side.

Any one who wishes to join, can communicate with Mr. John Wilkinson, care Commercial Insurance Co., 37 Wall Street, New York City.

Deaf-mutes who wish to have a friendly game of base ball, or who intend attending the Norwich Convention as players, can spend a pleasant afternoon by going to the Prospect Park Baseball Grounds, on Saturday, August 19th. Mr. Wilkinson will be there, as well as also several other mutes. They intend, if possible, to play on ground No. 5.

If the weather is unfavorable on Saturday, August 19th, they can assemble at the same place on the following Wednesday.

New Yorkers can be carried direct to the grounds by the Franklin Avenue cars from the foot of Broadway, Brooklyn, E.D., crossing the river *via* Grand Street Ferry, or they can reach the grounds from Fulton Ferry by taking the Smith Street cars.

A deaf-mute, named Lehbrecht, a German, 30 years of age, fell from the second or third story of a building which he was painting last Friday. He fell on his stomach and received several internal injuries, besides breaking his arm. He was conveyed to Bellevue Hospital, where he lies in a critical condition. He is married, his wife being a hearing lady.

Charles O'Brien is suffering from inflammation of the bowels. He has been confined to his bed for several weeks, and at present his case is deemed very serious.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald started on a tour through Maine last Tuesday, the 15th inst. He expects to attend the Norwich Convention.

For some time past, boys have been throwing stones, dirt, and other things at trains from and to the Grand Central Depot, on the sunken track at Fourth Avenue. These offenses are punishable by a fine of not less than $1,000, or imprisonment for not less than ten years or both. The New York Central Road has offered $25 for the arrest of each offender who is convicted. Charles Murphy laid hold of two boys last Tuesday, 8th inst., at Fourth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, who, he says, were throwing stones at a passing train. With the assistance of a companion he took them to Fifty-ninth street police station. They were Matthew McGlynn, 12 years old, and Johnny McGlynn, 9 years old, brothers. The elder is deaf and dumb.

In the Yorkville Police Court, Justice Bixby remanded the boys and sent for their father.

The title of a book published by Carleton, 413 Broadway, is the "Mute Singer." The author's name is Cora Ritchi. As the title indicates, the hero is a mute who became deaf at a period in her life when every thing looked promising for a brilliant future. She having a brilliant voice, and she was just about to go on the stage, when she received the fatal blow which changed the whole course of her life.

About sixty deaf-mutes attended the services at St. Ann's last Sunday. Rev. John Chamberlain officiated.

We agree with the deaf-mute base ballist who suggested that the best thing the New Englanders could do, would be to buy a prize with part of the $500 to be presented to the winning nine, and the rest to be expended in a banquet, and the spirit of Miss Morrison would forever be at rest.

X.

NEW YORK, August 10, '82.

Notice to N. E. G. A.

The revised Constitution and Bylaws of the New England Gallaudet Association has been printed in a cheap form for distribution among members for their perusal, so as to save needless waste of time and consideration at the next convention. Full time should be given beforehand to the consideration of each point of the constitution, as that can not be expected in the hurry and bustle of the convention. A copy can be obtained by applying to Mr. Harry White, of Beverly, Mass., (until further notice), provided a postage stamp is enclosed for mail delivery. Only members, and others intending to become members at the next convention, need apply, as the supply is limited.

Shickshinny Squibs.

The Scranton *Republican* gave a very small and scanty sketch of the deaf-mute picnic that was so highly enjoyed here last Saturday. The mutes were about thirty in number, while their friends made the majority. The grove was beautiful and harmonizing. A squad of boats were disposed to those who wished to enjoy the pleasure of riding on the famous and ever romantic Susquehanna River. Other amusements were looked for, and a fiddler was finally secured for those who wished to trip the light fantastic toe.

The amusements were all blessed to the lovers of frolic, and the time went on so gay throughout the day notwithstanding Old Sol's powerful charming madness.

The forenoon programme wound up with the Virginia Reel, and all were piped to dine at a large table loaded with the most tempting fare. The prayer was delivered by Mr. Koehler. All partook of the viands with a hearty relish, and when they could not bear to eat any more, they threw up the sponge and went in pursuit of games and joke cracking.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Koehler, of Scranton, took a boat ride, and was soon followed by others. Longenberger and Miss Fahnest, went in a boat together, while Mr. Eisele, of Scranton, accompanied by Misses Weil, Eva Post and a few others, pushed the last boat out under the guidance of Mr. P. P. Copeland. The first boat that went in the deep water, was occupied by Mr. Jas. Williams, of Scranton, and Miss McKinney, of Philadelphia. Miss McKinney presided at the oars, and exhibited much skill and won a shower of cheers. Mr. Williams is an expert with the oars, and knows how to manage a boat so well that much credit is due to him. There were also others who were experts, but Miss McKinney defeated them all.

Shortly after six o'clock, the picnic broke up, and all expressed themselves as having enjoyed the occasion very much. Some went to Mill Hollow, others to Plymouth and Townline. The party that went to Townline were Messrs. Ellis, Harder, Baer, Roberts, Swartz, Nicely and Williams. This party was very much entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Baer, also by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

Mr. Baer and family are very well-off with the sign-language, and entertain their deaf guests wonderfully. They can talk to them with ease, and crack jokes all the same, therefore they are a happy family.

Mr. P. P. Copeland, brother of the famous orator and lecturer, Col. L. F. Copeland, of South Bend, is another specimen of the warm friendship to deaf-mutes. He is an expert with the single hand alphabet and understands some signs. He always looks after the welfare of the deaf, and much credit is due to him, and deserves a tribute of thanks for his kindness in helping the picnic to success.

While Messrs. Swartz, Roberts, Nicely and Williams were traveling from the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts to Mr. Baers, they stopped on their way to escape a shower of rain at a house, and were kindly invited. The hostess was Mrs. McKee, and she claims to be the aunt of Miss Susan A. McKee, of Jacksonville, Ill. Will Miss S. A. McKee please stand up and speak out?

Mr. Ellis and Harder left for home Monday morning and were met in the cars by Frank Detweiler, of Danville. We hope and wish the best for them.

No more at present.

Respectfully yours,
J. W.

SHICKSHINNY, Aug. 7, '82.

The Garfield Memorial.

Bulletin No. 35.

AURORA, ILL., Aug. 10, 1882.

The following (additional) amounts were received by the agent, Mr. P. S. Englehardt, of Milwaukee, before August 1st, and are, therefore, accepted. All the subscribers are now living at Milwaukee:

Charles E. Downey, Milwaukee,	$ 10
F. E. German, "	10
William Hutton, Cleveland, O.,	1 00
Wm. Neumayer, Mendota, Ill.,	1 00
Leonard Dorn, Milwaukee,	10
John Harloff, "	1 00
F. Klingman, N. Y. City,	50
William Heap, Milwaukee,	25
F. Poellmann, "	50
Ben. B. Baird, Delavan, Wis.	1 00
Total,	$5 55
Amount already reported,	1,358 76
Total to date,	$1,364 31

A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Pittsburg, Pa.,	Aug. 6th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 10th.
Dayton, O.,	" 11th.
Cincinnati, O.,	" 13th.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 20th.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	" 23th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	" 24th.
Jacksonville, Ill.,	" 26 to 31.

THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

The National Mining Exposition.

A MUTE LADY DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND.

THE DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION.

The Great National Mining and Industrial Exposition is now in full blast, and is attracting visitors from all parts of the country—East, West, North and South. Such an array of gold and silver ores was never before brought together in any country in the world, and they are indeed a wonder to behold. There is one huge solid lump of silver, the result of one day's work in the R. E. Lee mine at Leadville, which alone is worth $118,500. It would require many columns of your valuable space to particularize further, so we desist.

So far as we can learn, the only mutes that have visited the Exposition up to date are Louis Huff, R. D. Livingstone, Miss Dora Vassiller, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor and Miss Kate Odell.

There is at present a case in court in this city in which a deaf-mute lady figures prominently. She is a resident of San Francisco, Cal., but is now in this city. Her maiden name is Clara Aronson, and she is a Jewess. In 1878, she was wooed and won by a hearing and speaking man, named Meyer, who hailed from Boston, Mass., but as it subsequently transpired, he was after her money alone. Her father set him up in business, but after he had succeeded in getting hold of his wife's money, some $3,000 in all, he sold out his business, and decamped, coming to this city, where, by swearing that his wife had left him and that he did not know where she was, he secured a divorce from her. He is soon to be tried for perjury, but, being out of bail, skipped the city, and at last accounts has not been recaptured. Mrs. Meyer, the wronged lady, is quite pretty, and has one child three years of age. She is living with her parents. This is only another of the sad results of mutes marrying hearing and speaking persons.

Word comes from Pueblo, Col., that a mute was waylaid and robbed there the other night. The mute made it quite lively for the robbers for a time, but was finally overpowered and compelled to submit. Who he is we have been unable to ascertain.

J. C. Simmons, who calls himself a "Brick," is at present slinging type on the *Mill Run*, and is doing well.

Affairs at the Deaf-Mute Institution at Colorado Springs, seem to be in a bad way. Prof. McGregor, who, according to the testimony of the Trustees and others, was the best teacher the Institution ever had, has left and will not return next year. He says his experience there is enough to disgust any decent man, and that no man with the least particle of self-respect can stay there. He was induced to leave his position in Cincinnati, O., and come out here by the representations of the trustees, but he found that he had been deceived, and no man not related in some way to the Kennedy family has any chance of remaining there more than a year. His experience was the same as Prof. Kinney's, who was compelled to leave a year ago, and Prof. Ralstin's, who left a year before; so at present he is in good company. We would not advise any one to leave a position in the East, no matter how humble, to come out here to take a position in this Institution until the present management undergoes a radical change. If he does, he will be sure to get left as others have been, no matter how faithful and conscientious he may be in the discharge of his duties.

The institution is ruled by the Kennedies, who, some years ago, caused no end of trouble in the Kansas Institute, where they were steward and matron. They were finally bounced, and came out here and founded this Institute, but have pursued the same policy here as they did in Kansas.

A mute by the name of Sorg, was here lately. He has the appearance of a tramp, but professes to be a painter, and hails from Philadelphia. Mr. Livingstone secured a job of painting for him, but he left without accepting it.

Mr. Kelly, a mute from Indiana, is living here now, and is employed in a cabinet shop. His wife is not a mute. They have been here since last May.

Say, what is the matter with those New England mutes. They must be very hard up when they consider it necessary to growl themselves hoarse, and rend their shirts all for $500. O! give us rest!

Mr. Deise, of Philadelphia, has left Colorado Springs, and gone out to a new settlement in the old Ute Reservation to work on a one-hoss country paper in a new frontier town, of about two hundred inhabitants, with no railroads within eighty miles.

Miss Emma Cox, of Missouri, late temporary teacher, is still at the Institution waiting for her young man to appear, when they will be married and move out to same out-of-the-way place. CLUB.

DENVER, Aug. 10, 1882.

Albany & Troy.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Two weeks ago, a silent throng were seen moving briskly along Lancaster street, towards St. Paul's Church, in Albany. They were fashionably dressed, and the young ladies, especially, appeared to belong to the best society of a certain city. But for one thing, they would have attracted no further attention than that usually accorded to a company of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen passing to or from church on a bright afternoon. The one thing that called especial attention to these, was that they did not speak a word to each other. They were found to be from Rome and New York Institutions, and were on their way to listen to, or rather see a sermon delivered in the church above named. The party numbered fifty. On arriving at the door of the church, they were escorted to seats by our polite President, A. Smith, of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, to whom the mutes smilingly bowed their compliments.

The interesting service of the Episcopal Church was commenced immediately after their arrival, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet reading the words by signs. He baptized a little son of a deaf-mute lady, by the name of Miss Weaver. After baptism was over, he preached earnestly to the interested portion of the audience, who could only hear with their eyes from the talking fingers of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and often expressed their approval by gestures of the head and expressions of the countenance.

At the close of the service, the mutes gathered around the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and began an animated conversation, very much as church people are wont to do who have ears. They are residents of Albany, Troy, and other places.

He will hold another service at the same place on the 15th day of October next.

The writer felt much ashamed to see a deaf-mute boy somewhat under the influence of liquor in the church, insulting some mute ladies of refinement and four deaf-mute gentlemen.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will deliver a lecture before the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, on the 14th of October next. After the close of the service, Messrs. John Connors, Charles F. Mu[illegible] James C. Ritter, H. Burt and the writer, immediately struck into Washington Park, where they enjoyed themselves.

Old whiskered Janitor H. Brown will call the members of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society to hear a most interesting debate on the 2d of next September.

Mr. John F. Southwick, of Albany, is one of the members of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, and has made himself noticeable by his fidelity to all the duties of his office. Though living at a considerable distance from the city, he has always been in his seat. While not seeking reputation as a debator, his vote has always been on the right side, and he is known as one of the wisest and most active members of the Society.

President Charles A. Smith, of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, delivered an eloquent lecture on "Gossips." We admire his brave attacks upon the female mutes who travel from house to house and talk falsely about their friends who have been very kind to them. They ought to fully understand that they are not perfect christians by any means, and do not, I suppose, profess to be, but I ask you if it would be right for them to bear false witness against each other, while they partake of holy communion in church. They know they serve the Lord deceitfully, and ought to remember Christ as commanding them to love their enemies that persecute them, but they now forget about His beatitudes in the Holy Bible that we studied in Dr. H. P. Peet's School. At a meeting of the society several weeks since, he took occasion to express his views upon the subject of calls, and did so with so much force and good sense that we feel impelled to make liberal extracts from his remarks for the benefit of the mutes. He said that there was a false clamor for this sort of visitation on the part of members, and that too often it degenerated into the indulgence of ingrained laziness and the propensity to gossip. They who idle away their time in gossip at the houses, or business places of their own, were sacrificing the most precious opportunities. The less a female member made it her business to study up the folks the better. "In such manners she should have a tongue dumb to the root." "In nine cases out of ten," added the lecturer, with emphasis, "the shame and scandal which have lain at the doors of mutes of late years, have had their origin in this system of visitation." He denounced in vigorous language the conduct of "those lounging shepherds," whose gossipings and confidences and familiarties indulged in under the cloak afforded by the sancity of the member relation, too often ended in downright immorality. A member was but a man, and as such had a man's weakness, and in what situation was he more likely to exhibit them than in intercourse of this kind? The sooner that societies and members hustled this sort of visitation out of existence, the better it would be for the honor of the society. "When we make friendly calls," added the lecturer, "let us call them friendly calls, and not something which they are not." The true sort of member calls that the conscientious member should aim to make, were to the old or to the infirm, who could not get to church or hear Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preach; or those in deep trouble, and therefore, in special need of consolation. These were vastly different from that degrading system of regulated laziness—of going from house to house to listen to the tattle of the neighborhood, etc.

J. M. W.

TROY, N. Y., August 11, '82.

MILWAUKEE ITEMS.

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will give you a brief deaf-mute account of Milwaukee.

Frank Klingman, who removed to Milwaukee with his mother and brothers from New York City, has been doing well at his cigar-making trade. He has been popular among the deaf-mute community, but still restrained among ladies, and always keeping aloof from them. They were glad to meet their aunt from Green Bay, Wis., after an absence of twenty years. We are sorry to have learned that Frank has been sick for two weeks, but hope he may recover. Also his brother is sick with consumption. There is no alarming nature of his sickness.

John Harloff, who spent the Fourth with his relatives and friends at West Bend, has returned home well-pleased.

Frank Hutson, a jolly deaf-mute, who worked here for a few weeks, has gone home to Janesville.

John J. Downey is proud of having a nice baby boy, who was born a few weeks ago. Poor boy, he is not expected to live long. Too bad for the parents.

Prof. James C. Balis, a teacher at Turtle Creek, Pa., has made his relatives and friends glad to see him again. He is staying with his mother, brother and sister. His mother, who had her leg broken by falling down church steps a few weeks ago, is still confined, but has been improving much. She is quite kind-hearted and respectable.

There is a good prospect of a successful Reunion of the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Society at Delavan in two weeks.

The writer has been informed that mutes would attend the Reunion. I believe there will be from 20 to 50 mutes at the Reunion.

Rev. Job Turner will have services and a lecture on Mexico and his trip before the mutes at Delavan during the Reunion. Now there is a good opportunity for mutes to come from other places to attend Rev. Job Turner's services and lecture. After the Reunion Rev. Job Turner will go and attend the Jacksonville Convention.

Charles Bishop, of Mazomanie, came here and made us a good visit, on his way to Chicago. He expects to be here or back to his home to-day. He looks much better in appearance and dress. Matrimony has since changed him quite, I believe.

A BADGER.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 7, 1882.

From Newark, N. J.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having gathered a budget of news about the mutes in this city, we send them to you for publication in your interesting paper. There are a large number of mute pupils here. Most are from the school in New York; others receive their education at Pennsylvania, Fordham and Westchester. Their vacation will end in about three weeks, when they will once more be pondering over their school-books. There are other mutes here, graduates of the various schools abroad.

It is a comfort to the majority of the mutes here to know that there is at length to be an institution for the intellectual welfare of their class within the bounds of their own State. We certainly ought not to feel thankless to Mr. P. B. Gulick for his successful endeavor to bring the matter of having a school before the Legislature. Hon. John Taylor also deserves heaps of our gratitude for his willingness to assist the mutes, and for his tireless energy in inducing the Legislature to consent to the need of a school to assent to have one in their State.

Mr. Halsey, the witty gentleman, had been very sick for some weeks, but is at present convalescent. The mutes missed his wit when he was laid up.

The father of Misses Belle and Bessie Bousfield sold his two houses with all the property, in Madison, N. J., and moved to this city. Alfred Bousfield, brother of the two girls, is working in a sewing-machine factory.

John P. Cotter is an engineer in a quarry. His father is a foreman in the same place. It is said that John will marry a hearing lady. I am unable to tell you why he left his former position in the printing office.

Charles Jastram went to Livingstone, N. Y., two weeks ago, to visit Mr. John Bennett and Geo. W. VanNess. They had a pleasant ramble of four miles up and down the country.

Messrs. John Richard, Chas. Jastram and another boy, paid a visit to Mr. Wm. Ersinger last Sunday evening, and enjoyed a pleasant chat with him.

Mr. J. Richard, a graduate of "Old Fanwood," is a fireman on board the steamship Standard, which plies between New York and England. He said he never saw a copy of the JOURNAL in his life before Mr. Ersinger presented him with two copies, which he took with him to read while on board his vessel.

James Graham is a graduate of the Hartford Institution, and a horse-cleaner by occupation in this city. He is very fond of drinking beer.

The mutes in this vicinity would be pleased if Mr. John Bennet could find it convenient to come here to preach a sermon on the first Sunday of September. NEWARKER.

FANWOOD.

A Variety of Personals.

SIFTINGS OF THE PAST WEEK.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

A few nights ago, some of the boys engaged in a "pillow fight" in one of the dormitories. The result was several badly mutilated pillows and a consequent addition to the amount of work in the reparing rooms. We think such idiotic sport ought to be done away with, as at entails loss and labor to those who have enough to do already. Getting everything in order for the next school term is no easy matter, and it is expected that the progress of the work will not be hindered by silly freaks and wanton destruction of property. *Verhum sap.*

Frank Senior, our popular New York artist and designer, spent a few hours here on Friday last. He is now living in Hackensack, N. J., and says he can get to his place of business in New York as quickly as when he lived in the City of Churches. He told us about his recent trip to New England, and spoke warmly of the cordiality of Connecticut mutes. He visited Mr. and Mrs. Ould in Thomaston, and says that they have a beautiful home, and are happy beyond compare.

Stephen Sinclair says he will visit Fanwood about the first of September. Our champion swimmer, Willie Durian, is waiting anxiously for Stephen in order to vanquish him in the briny Hudson.

J. W. Stratton can be seen every day paddling about in Free Swimming Bath No. 2.

Martin Krerdosky, of Buffalo, thinks of visiting this Inst. in the fall. He has not been here since he was a little boy.

One of the hod carriers met with a painful and probably serious accident last week. He was at work in the school building, when a quantity of lime fell from the ceiling into his eyes. He was driven home in the Institution carriage, being unable to see anything. His eyes bulged from their sockets, and his face was terribly swollen.

Supervisor Howell and a particular friend was aboard the Albany boat on Thursday night. They contemplate visiting friends in Albany for a few days, before returning to New York. Mr. Howell will visit Governor's Island and afterwards go to Connecticut to "brace up" for the next school term.

Mr. Sloat spent his vacation in Scotchtown, N. Y., helping on his father's farm, and returned on Tuesday evening, August 8th, with a fine silver watch and chain, a present from his mother. His mother and brother accompanied him to New York, and are now staying with a cousin in Carmansville.

Mr. Crittenden was seen at Manhattan Beach on the evening of Thursday last.

Charles Malkmus, John Garrison and nephew, Charles Sparrow, Charles LeClerq and Louisa Christian and her brothers, were among those who honored the Institution with their presence on Sunday last. John H. Dobbs arrived here from Connecticut the day before, and found Max Kohler and John W. Lyons relating vacation experiences to a crowd of youngsters.

The roof of the engine house is being strengthened by additional rafters and mason work.

Those who came home late on Saturday last, were intercepted at the foot of the piazza stairs by a couple of bars that made it necessary either to climb or crawl, in order to get onto the piazza. Those who attempted the feat got their clothes or hands smeared with slate-colored paint.

Miss Mary Rogers, of Williamsburg, N. Y., came up here Saturday last to see Miss Lewis on "important business." She was not aware that the lady she was after was at that moment drinking Chenango County buttermilk in the fertile regions of central New York.

New York's deaf-mute "poet" Charles LeClercq, watched in vain for the mellow moon from a bench on the girl's playground a few evening ago. His ardent longing was not gratified, and another soul-song was squelched.

The curtain hanger has commenced his rounds. We understand he is the cousin of Miss Florence Jones, a Fanwood graduate.

Supervisor Bennett says he saw a person acting in a suspicious manner near a window of Dr. Peet's office, at 12 o'clock, one night recently.

Mr. Banks, engineer, returned from a week's vacation Monday.

William Best Magill was here for a short time about a week ago. He is still in the collar business.

Annie Burke, who has had charge of the boys' linen room for many years, expects to resign soon. She will soon be married to the father of William Harris, a pupil.

James H. Caton and W. Cotter are visiting friends in Port Jervis, N. Y. They will go home a few days before school opens. James, although devoid of sight, is an intelligent young fellow, and is under the tuition of Prof. Mann.

Robert Heller says he wishes to hear from Miss Myra Croak. He prides himself on his strength, and says he can throw E. A. Brown and J. Wilken together.

Frank Penrose, sister Mary and brother Alfred, went to Riegelville Aug. 10th. They were very glad to see their sister, Mrs. Lizzie Heller, and her husband. They expect to stay there two weeks.

Seymour A. Berray has been helping his uncle in haying for 3 weeks. He has also earned $6 by doing some copying for the agent of the R. R. station.

Harry M. Powell writes that he visited Greenwood Cemetery recently. He says E. A. Brown will get a place in the same shop where he works, in the fall. Mr. Powell would be pleased if Miss Hannah Henry would forward him her address, as he has forgotten it.

GRACE H.

From Michigan.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—With your permission, I will contribute my mite for your valuable paper, thinking it would be of some interest to some of your readers to know what is going on in the centre of this great Wolverine State, although there are so few mutes living within a radius of twenty miles. These items I am about to furnish for your paper have been collected from some reliable source.

I have been and am wondering why your Michigan correspondents are so silent and do not furnish for your paper the many items that have been and are transpiring in the silent community of this State—the excursion from Detroit to Cleveland for instance—and which would be of more or less interest to your readers. Will some of the correspondents please wake up from their Rip Van Winkle slumber, and contribute something for the JOURNAL.

My opinion of the excursion, lately given by the Detroit gentlemen of Cleveland, being not much of a success, as far as the number of the mute excursionists are concerned, is that those who had the management of the affair had not ample time—only about two weeks—to announce it, and as a consequence it drew a very small crowd. Proposing to have an excursion, picnic, or like, they should have ample time long before to announce it to ensure success, not only through invitation cards but also through several mute papers, as many who do not receive cards would be glad to participate in the pleasure of attending it. A picnic is now being talked of by the mutes of Central Michigan, at Grand Ledge, Eaton county, but as to the date, the writer has not yet been informed. It is to be hoped it will prove a grand success in every respect—numerically and socially—though Lansing, I opine, will draw a bigger crowd of mutes, as it is our Capital, and mutes from East, West, South and North, will have easy access to it. Lansing offers as many or more attractions than Grand Ledge does, and has many more public buildings, such as the new and old capitols, school for the blind, agricultural college, State printing and bindery, etc., worth seeing.

It is to be noticed that there are many mute printers now-a-days, employed on many different newspapers in the State, when only about five years ago scarcely any mute was familiar with the mysteries of setting type. They are all doing tip-top. Ditto those working at other trades—shoemaking and cabinetmaking. A large majority of mutes who are now engaged in tilling the soil, are generally getting along splendidly. Certainly the time spent in learning their trades has not been wasted, as they are the means of earning their livelihood and filling their purses with rattling silver and gold.

We have had such wet weather the past week, which has hindered us much in harvest work.

I guess I have "spun my yarn" enough this time. I will try and send along all items concerning mutes of this State and their doings.

MICHIGANDER.

MR. GULICK "REPLIES."

MR. EDITOR:—In reply to your article against my proposition for the New Jersey deaf-mutes to make a suitable present to Senator Taylor. Why not let some intelligent deaf-mute of New Jersey reply first and yours next, because you are outside of our State, and we do not care to be discouraged parties in any project of our own whatever it may be. In the first place, you said it would be absurd and misconstrued as a bribe. Do you think you sensibly point that out? and you say, educationally speaking, the New Jersey deaf-mutes would be better off if they received their schooling abroad, because you think at the start, and probably forever, the advantages and facilities of the New Jersey School will be cramped and incomplete. I certainly know that such will not be the case, as New Jersey always takes the best care of its own schools and colleges, and it does so very economically, not like New York forever running into debt. There seems to be State jealousy at the bottom of your article, otherwise the New York Insitution is at a great loss to miss our New Jersey $320 per pupil, which has been a great help to that Institution. I merely thought a gift to Senator Taylor, would perpetuate the benefaction of deaf-mutes, not in Mr. Taylor's family only, but where it would be mostly appreciated; and where it would stimulate other noble-minded men to go and do likewise.

P. B. GULICK.

STOCKTON, N. J., Aug. 5, 1882.

[It is scarcely necessary to notice the above. Mr. Gulick made a proposition to the public, and in a public capacity we commented on it, which it was our duty to do. Our aim is to protect (and advise when possible) the mutes of no State in particular and of all States in general, and we think it a mark of a very low mind and very defective reasoning to impute our candid opinion to either "State jealousy" or personal antipathy.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Syracuse, N. Y., Picnic.

The first annual picnic will be held on Frenchman's Island, in Oneida Lake, near Syracuse, N. Y., on the 26th of August, and promises to be one of the most enjoyable picnics of the season.

The lake is a very beautiful sheet of water, abounding with fish, and those that desire can have nice sport with the rod and hook, and many a good catch may be had. All the mutes of Syracuse will go to the Island and enjoy the picnic. Any mutes east and west of Syracuse that would like to enjoy a day of recreation, are most cordially welcome to join the jovial Syracuse party.

The picnic will be under the management of Mr. Nye Brown and Mr. Miles, of Syracuse, and Mr. Upham, of Watertown, the announcement of which is a guarantee of its success.

The R. W. & O. R. R. Co. has agreed to take any number of mutes from Brewerton and return, at sixty cents per head.

A steamer will be in waiting to take them from Brewerton to the island, for thirty cents each.

A regular train will leave Syracuse for Brewerton at 5:45 o'clock A.M., and returning, leave for Syracuse at 9:12 P.M.

An interval of at least 13 hours will be passed on the island. The Committee on Arrangements will do all they can to make the picnic a very enjoyable one.

Miss Kate C. Shute, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been visiting with Mrs. Brown, will go to the picnic.

Let one and each come to the island and enjoy the picnic, and laugh and be fat.

THE COM. ON ARRANGEMENTS.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 13.

NEW JERSEY.

The excursion to Rockaway beach will take place on September 2d. It is for the benefit of the school children who are mostly all pupils of the New York Institution, but all are welcome to share the fun. A grand time is anticipated. Come one and all, and enjoy yourselves.

There is a semi-mute employed in the printing office in New York where Anthony Capelli is employed. He is a middle-aged man, and a good printer. He lost his hearing but recently. He is not familiar with either the sign-language or manual alphabet.

Last Saturday, Peter Brede, of Jersey City Heights, attended a picnic at Gutlmberg, with a merry company of fellows. There were different kinds of games indulged in, and Peter won a dead ball in a 100 yards race, his time being 10 seconds. He would like to know if there is any deaf-mute under 18 years of age who can beat him. His brother Louis was also at the picnic, but failed to get a prize.

While George W. Gross was delivering a large cake of ice recently, it fell to the sidewalk and was smashed to pieces. When pay day arrived, the poor fellow found his wages a few coppers less.

James Williams is so lonesome in Jersey City that he wishes school at Fanwood would open at once.

Johnny Kickens, who is still waiting for something to turn up, says he will be glad when the New York Institution is opened, three weeks hence.

Henry Schankenberg, formerly of Connecticut, is now a resident of Hoboken. His parents moved here a short time ago.

It is reported that Adolph Silvermond, a deaf-mute of Jersey City, a pupil of the New York School, is often seen "hitching" behind wagons. It is dangerous sport, as many a boy has found to his cost. His parents should put a stop to it.

Miss Sarah Daven was seen at the Delack & Western Railroad depot one day last week.

Miss Jane Morrison, of Jersey City Heights, is enjoying her vacation very much. A deaf-mute, whose name we were unable to learn, often visits her. She will return to Fanwood in the fall.

A deaf-mute, whose name we have been unable to learn, was in Hoboken last week selling alphabet cards. The cards were similar to those sold by J. M. T. Davis. He said he was out of work and was obliged to sell them.

John Welch, a young but intelligent semi-mute of the Heights, is enjoying his vacation immensely.

Wm. Reid spends nearly every Sunday by the river side in Elysian Field, Hoboken.

The Gundersdorff brother and sister have been to the theatre several times, and enjoy it so much they will go again before returning to school.

Alex. Dezendorf is a frequent visitor at Hoboken. We know why.

G. W. Gross, Peter Brede and feveral other deaf-mutes, were in Hoboken on Sunday.

JENNIE S.

MEYER MISSING.

THE WIFE DESERTER SKIPS THE COUNTRY.

The *Denver Daily News* of the 4th inst. says:

"Julius Meyer, the man who was recently put under $1,000 bonds by Justice Jeffries after an examination on the charge of perjury, has left the city surreptitiously, and much to the chagrin of the public, his whereabouts are unknown. The facts in Meyer's case are still fresh in the memory of the readers of the *News*, which was the first to expose him. He married a deaf and dumb lady named Aaronson, of San Francisco, whose father gave them a comfortable home, raised all Meyer's indebtedness and established him in business. Meyer's wife had over $3,000 in her own name, and it turned out that he had married her to procure this. After living with his wife for six months he began to abuse and maltreat her so that a separation ensued. In some manner he had contrived to get hold of her money, and then after selling out his business came to Denver, leaving his father-in-law almost penniless. After residing in Denver a year he sued for a divorce, alleging that he did know of his wife's whereabouts. In this he perjured himself, as he knew his wife's residence. When Meyer gave bonds he was compelled to put a certified check in the hands of F. C. King for $1,000, which was about a seventh part of the amount of money he had in bank. On Friday he went to the bank in which his money was deposited, drew $5,000, and left the city for parts unknown. Mr. King will not lose anything by Meyer's leaving, as he could not take out the $1,000 for which the check had been given. He has left his business in charge of his sister. Meyer was generally known thoroughout the city and moved in good Jewish circles, but since the exposure of his real character, he has been ostracized, and it is not improbable a fund will be raised to bring him back so the full dose of justice can be meted out to him. His divorced wife is in the city accompanied by her little child, which is also deaf and dumb."

The paper which says that the wife is in the city is an error, but she is expected before the Grand Jury opens on the 15th. Mr. R. D. Livingstone was served with a subpoena on Monday forenoon, upon his arrival from Colorado Springs and Manitou Springs, to appear in the court on the 15th of August in the same trial.

Prof. R. P. McGregor was in Denver last week, and saw his beloved wife off for the East.

Miss Dora Vosseler, of New York, and her cousin Mrs. House, were in Denver to visit the Exposition last week, and returned to Colorado Springs, but in a few days Miss Vossler will favor Denver with another visit before she is ready to go East.

From Thomas Brown.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have read Miss Alden's communication in regard to the Morrison legacy. She seems to be unaware of the fact that $2000 was given by Miss Morrison's will to the Hartford Institution. I will say here. She told her friends, among whom I was one, that it was her desire to have the income from the $2000 bequest used *in clothing such pupils from New Hampshire as needed it*, but I fear she did not have her will definite on this point. If the $500 legacy should *not* remain in the N. E. G. A., where must it go? The Beverly School has a better right and more need of it than the Amercian Asylum, which has plenty of money, but the legacy had better stay in the N. E. G. A.

To-day, I drove 9 miles to Antrim, N. H., and had the pleasure of attending a service given by my son T. L., at James G. Wilkins'. There were 18 mutes present from New Boston, Keen, Goffstown and West Henniker, besides Antrim. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins entertained us royally.

I am much gratified by reading the last number of the JOURNAL full of interesting items.

THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., Aug. 13, '82.

IOWA ITEMS.

W. A. Nelson has been spending the past few weeks with Mr. J. C. Hummer, at Sharon Centre, Ia. They are talking all the time about the coming convention at Des Moines next September.

Thomas Shady, the peddling genius, was in Omaha, Neb. recently, and got out very well. He was there eight years ago and remembered that Omaha had been nearly like a town of gambling dens and highwaymen, but to-day is surprised to see Omaha grow and become one of the most religious cities in the northwest, her population being 47,000.

Mr. Albert Collins is now spending his studies at Washington Preparatory for college, with his sister Mrs. Prof. F. L. Reid, and expects to stay until late in the fall. College students are generally fond of amusements, but we have to pito him, for there will be no amusement in Omaha, *viz.*, by the footlights, sove base ball sports.

OUR BASKES PIC NIC.

We are not to be outdone by the many high-toned societies in the East in that way. We will to-day have a basket picnic to Hanscom Park in Omaha, Neb., in which the mutes of Omaha and Council Bluffs will participate, and a good time is anticipated.

RUSSELL SMITH.

Sharpe Mfg. Co.
PROVIDENCE R I

BY THE SEA.

Your Correspondent at Ocean Grove.

SEA-FOAM, SEA-SPRAY AND SEA-BREEZES.

This week has been a notable one here in many respects. More mutes have visited here than ever before, and I think that all have been delighted with their visits.

Miss Lenora C. Gray, the vivacious mute lady of Brooklyn, departed amid much regret, last Thursday.

I saw an item in a late JOURNAL that Mr. Lewis, a pupil of the Lexington Avenue School, would come here on an excursion and see Gen. Grant, President Arthur and Governor Ludlow. It is needless to say that his anticipations were not realized, and he may as well have expected to see the Czar of Russia, Arabi Bey, Oscar Wilde, or Terwilleger Fitzpatrick, Esq. On the day he came (August 8th), a large excursion arrived from his home, and one from Freehold, bringing several of our fraternity, whom I will enumerate separately.

The first one whom I had the pleasure of meeting, was an old Fanwoodite, Mr. Henry Schanck, of Freehold, N. J. Mr. Schanck is a member of the High Class of the New York Institution, and will graduate with the Class of "82." His trade is that of a baker, but he is employed on his father's farm. He was accompanied by Mr. Hankinson and his amiable wife, both of whom are "ex-Fanwoodites." Mr. Hankinson is a knight of St. Crispin. He has a large trade in the boot and shoe line at Freehold, N. J.

A short while afterward, your correspondent was greeted by Mr. Lewis, the young man afore-mentioned with a "hankering" to gaze at prominent men. The father of Mr. Lewis is a farmer by occupation, and young Lewis has a liking for the trade himself. He was accompanied by Mr. Joseph Rogan, a semi-mute, and also a pupil of the Lexington Avenue School. Rogan is at present employed on Mr. Lewis' farm.

Mr. Charles J. Le Clercq came next. He arrived at about 1 P.M., via., steamer City of Richmond, to Long Branch, thence by rail to this place. Mr. Le Clercq is an engraver, and a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School. He is a goodlip-reader, as is also Mr. Rogan. They were both able to carry on a good conversation with an aged fisherman, a regular "out and out" Jerseyman, with a beard as stuffy as a huckleberry bush, and with a nasal twang and pronunciation peculiar to a Jersey fisherman only; yet nevertheless the young men understood him very well. The above party, together with Miss Smithson, Miss Noble and Mr. A. L. Pach, had a long chat on the pavilion, much to the astonishment of the thousands around, who stood with mouths agape in mute wonder at the fingers flying in all sorts of pantomime motions.

An aged gentleman, apparently a backwoods farmer, who happened to be on an excursion here, and who viewed the above scene, remarked to his aged wife, "Wall, Jane! Be them alive, or be they cranks?"

That reminds me that there is an excellent poem in last week's *Harpers Weekly*, by "Will Carleton," giving a good account of "Farmer Stubbins and his aged wife at Ocean Grove." It is very good, and may be found on the front page of the paper. I would advise all deaf-mutes to read it.

A few mornings ago, Mrs. Smithson and Miss Lizzie Noble were taking their customary "dip" in the sea, when they saw two young ladies conversing in the sign-language, but did not know or recognize them, and with the usual feminine timidity they did not approach the strangers. Had it been your correspondent, or any other of your correspondents, they would have had an interview at all hazards. I am sure "Grace H.,"or "X. X. X.," or "Lester Montrose" would, with the usual cheek and goa-headedness characteristic of a JOURNAL reporter, have found out all about them. But a day or so later, Miss Noble received a note asking her to call at the corner of Heck and Pennsylvania Avenues and see a young lady who had visited Fanwood some time ago. She proved to be Miss Annabel Kent, a pupil of the Rome School, and her friend Miss Lizzie Barstow. They also proved to be the same young ladies who were seen on the beach. They have since become friends of the other deaf-mutes here, and are enjoying themselves to their utmost satisfaction. They will remain one week longer.

Miss Kent will go to a fashionable young ladies' seminary here in the fall. She is a semi-mute of very prepossessing appearance.

Miss Barstow is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, and is an apparently well educated lady. Your correspondent had the pleasure of a promenade with both Miss Barstow and Miss Kent last evening.

Mr. Souweine, of Brooklyn, came here last Sunday to pay a friend a visit. He intended to return the same evening, but he missed the last boat, so he had to remain until Monday. He was not apparently disappointed, however, but took it all in good part, and managed to enjoy himself even if he did "get left."

The National Educational Assembly is in session now. Among the speakers to-day, were United States Senators Blair, of New Hampshire, and Kelogg, of Maine.

The annual camp-meeting will soon be in session.

Boating, bathing, fishing, sailing and flirtation, are all the rage among the 5,000 delighted females of marriageable age here.

I shall write, in my next letter, when the camp-meeting is in session, but in the meanwhile shall be happy, as heretofore, to meet old friends.

Yours truly,
XELA.

SUDDEN DEAFNESS.

INSTANCES OF DEAFNESS RESULTING FROM SUDDEN NERVOUS SHOCKS.

[*From Chambers' Journal.*]

A lady who, just before the peninsular war, had been married, heard suddenly and quite unexpectedly that her husband had been ordered out to the seat of war. So great was her horror that she became instantaneously and perfectly deaf, remaining so for many months, and it was feared that her case was incurable. Some months later she was in church on a Sunday morning. The congregation began to sing a hymn, and quite suddenly her hearing returned, so much to her surprise that, forgetting where she was, she jumped up and called out: "Why, bless me, I can hear as well as ever I could in my life." She retained her power of hearing to a good old age.

A poor lady, governess in a family, was standing one day in the hall when one of the children of the house, who was sliding on the balusters, fell over them, and was killed at her feet. The poor lady, from horror, became immediately perfectly deaf.

Perhaps one of the most curious cases is that of a child of 7, apparently quite strong and healthy, who seems to have actually become deaf from the effects of nightmare. The story is worth telling here, if only in the hope that it may make some reader less eager to despise childish night terrors. How often nurses, and even mothers, and those very loving and tender ones, try to scold a child out of these night alarms, "foolish," as they call them; yet how many of their elder, who have not experienced such terrors?

There had been great 5th of November riots in one of our south country towns. Men in hideous masks had patrolled the usually quiet streets, two citizens, who had offended their fellow-townsfolks, were burned in effigy; and, of course, there was the regular accompaniment of squibs and crackers, and in the end a tremendous street disturbance, needing the intervention of the police. So alarming and annoying had been the disturbance to quiet-minded citizens, that it was resolved never to allow a 5th of November to be observed again in the town, and great was the rejoicing in quiet households over the decision of the town council. A few days before the return of the fateful day, some children had been playing happily together, and, as far as can be discovered, nothing had been said or done to alarm any of them. They went to bed as usual, but had not been long in the dark when the youngest, a little girl, ran into her elder brother's room, and exclaimed: "Oh, I feel so frightened; I can't help thinking of the 5th of November, and when I shut my eyes I see those horrid masks, and I can't get to sleep."

The brother was very gentle and tender with her. He assured her there would be nothing done in the town on the 5th, and carried her back to bed, telling her she must be good and remain there, and that no harm would happen to her. A few minutes after she ran back to his room, again describing her utter terror; she could not help seeing those dreadful masks, and she felt so dreadfully frightened.

Again he took her back to bed and tried to coax her to sleep, with apparent success; but after a little while she ran down to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, I feel so dreadful frightened: I cannot help seeing those horrid masks, and I wish papa would come home and syringe my ears, for I am quite deaf."

The mother took her on her knee and coaxed and fondled her till she feel asleep; then she took her to bed, and waited in much anxiety for her husband's return. She told him of the child's dreadfully excited state, and took him up to see her; but she was sleeping so placidly it seemed a pity to wake her. Sleep was the best medicine.

Next morning, when she awoke, they discovered to their horror that the child was stone-deaf, and not only has she remained deaf ever since, but being so young at the time of her affliction, she has also become almost quite dumb. Evidently the sound of her own voice in her head was most painful to her. Sudden, abrupt noises, she could still hear. No doubt she would be able to derive some benefit from one of the new inventions—the audiphone—for enabling the deaf to hear, from the vibrations of sounds conducted from the teeth to the ear; but all effects to restore her hearing have been unless. The injury to this tiny, imperceptible nerve had so affected all the rest that the idea of being examined by a doctor seemed entirely to unhinge the child. Some of the cleverest aurists of the day were consulted. All advised the same: "Leave her alone. Any effort to conquer these fears is only likely to increase the injury to the nerves; time may cure it; nothing else will."

ROUGHING IT.

A DEAF-MUTE PARTY IN CAMP.

"HAPPY CAMP,"
CRANBERRY LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 5, '82.

My previous letter from Fish Creek on Oneida Lake contained an account of some of the principal incidents of our stay at that place. The present letter is written on a roughly made pine board table in a spot situated within the inclosure of the Great North-woods of St. Lawrence County. Our company, known as the Eddy party, left Rome on Monday last, bound for DeKalb, from whence we were to proceed to Russell, situated a short distance south of the South-woods. On the train we were not a little surprised and pleased to fall in with Mrs. Nye Brown, of Syracuse, and Miss Shute, of Brooklyn, who were on their way from Mexico to Watertown. At the latter place we bade *adieu* to these ladies, they then changing cars for the Thousand Islands. DeKalb was reached by noon, and taking places in the U. S. Mail coach, after considerable bumping and shaking up, we arrived at Russell, twelve miles from DeKalb. Here we found the remainder of the party, and learnt that the start for the woods had been arranged for midnight; so making ourselves as comfortable as possible, we awaited the approach of that mystic hour. Meanwhile, at our host's residence, everything was bustle and haste in filling a large country wagon with all sorts of edibles, bedding, *et cetera*, provisions for a fortnight's stay in a region cut off from all marks of civilization and—grocery stores.

As the night grew apace, bright Luna rose in all her splendor, silvering the surroundings with her light and creating fantastic shadows in the distance. Punctually at the hour of twelve, the word was given, and our teamster whipping up his horses, we began our journey. The first few miles were passed over in comparative quiet, the awful stillness, broken only by the rumbling of our wagon; filling all with awe. To attempt to sleep was impossible, since the rugged nature of the road rendered it necessary to use the greatest precaution to prevent a premature contact with mother earth. Sleep being thus banished, the party, to the number of seven, wrapped themselves in blankets and varied the monotony in recounting former experiences in camp travels. Three o'clock in the morning found us nearing the village of Clifton, noted for its trout brooks, and more especially for its falls of that name. Clifton Falls really presented a splendid spectacle, as varied in the wee sma hours of the morning under the mellowing light of the moon. In a little while we reached Gordon's hotel, and without more ado, roused the proprietor and sought admittance. Our request was soon granted, and for a short time the bumping ceased. Here we remained for half an hour, while our horses were being fed and watered. After this short rest, we again took to the road and continued on our way until about six o'clock, when a short stop was taken for breakfast. This meal being over, we resumed our journey without further stoppage till the lake was reached five hours later. Several times near the end of our journey we came across roughly constructed log cabins, the abodes of guides, who are necessary companions to parties making hunting expeditions to the North-woods. In close proximity to those cabins were located bear cages, old Bruin being a denizen of the neighborhood, and eagerly hunted by young city bloods, who come here for summer rest and sport.

Upon reaching Cranberry Lake landing, our provisions and chattels were removed to a wee little steam launch, and our party having been taken on board, we were brought five miles up the lake to the place which we have named by the title at the heading of this letter. The lake at this point has a width of about half a mile from shore to shore, the opposite side from us being a towering crag rising to a lofty summit above the lake below. The beach street, if we may call it such, is thickly studded with pine and hemlock trees, upon which the waters of the lake have intruded, presenting the appearance of a forest in the midst of a watery expanse. However, in the middle of the lake there is plenty of space for the passage of boats, which the depth is sufficient for all navigating purposes. Viewed from the lake, the appearance of the shores offer a view truly bold and romantic. We gaze upon thousands of square miles of wilderness, which hide the secrets of form and soil and rock, and history on which we ponder. The woods are a region of mystery, over which none can gaze without a strange thrill of interest and of wonder at what may be hidden in the vast area of forest covering all things with its deep repose.

To come to our immediate neighborhood, "Happy Camp" is pitched on a position on the right bank of the lake in a clearing of moderate size. Five tents are spread in a circle, and there shelter a company of about twenty persons, equally divided in regard to sex. In the centre of the tent circle is a large camp fire kept continually burning, and near it are sheds of bark, one of which covers our "dining-hall," as our table's place is aristically called. To reach the camp from the lake, it is necessary to climb a winding path, somewhat like that at Fanwood which connects the Institution with the river dock. As to individuality, of our party, as before mentioned, the sexes are pretty evenly divided; there are four deaf-mutes, a lady and gentleman from Rome, one lady from Russell and a student from New York City. Of the gentlemen, one is a doctor of medicine, another, editor of the Watertown *Reformer*, a third, a gentleman of leisure from N. Y., and most important of all, a guide. The latter to whom we owe the bountful supply of venison and trout that has filled our larder, is known as Spencer Ladd, and knows every inch of the woods for miles around. Every other day he shoulders his gun and returns laden with the spoils in the shape of a deer. In fact, most of our food is found near the camp and taken from the very lap of nature. The timorous and graceful deer abound in these wilds, and yield sport in unmeasured degree. Any one who has once tasted the pleasure of such sport, needs no spur to urge him again to its enjoyment. A savory steak of venison, hot from the spider, or broiled on the coals in true primitive style, is more to be coveted than the ambrosia of the gods. Moreover, nearly all the streams, fed by cool mountain springs, are alive with the daintiest and choicest fish. The trout, which abound at the head of the lake, about a mile from here, furnishes just the kind of sport excitement, in which the expert angler most delights to exercise his skill. Thus between venison, trout and additions from our grocery provisions, we lead a princely life as regards our repasts.

Our time is spent as our fancy pleases. We can fish or hunt as our taste decides, and this occupies the time of most of us. Still several prefer to enjoy the delights and freedom of camp life, yielding entirely to relaxation, pass the time in *dolce far niente* enjoyment, feasting on the beauty and charm that nature here so lavishly displays. As a summer camping point the place is unexcelled. The pure bracing air, fragrant with the balmy odors of cedar and spruce, the cool, sparkling water, bubbling from hidden springs, and the freshness and charm of nature here offered as a gift to any who will enjoy them.

We have now spent a week here, and expect to spend still another, during which time my Roman companion and myself hope to explore the region hereabouts more fully and, if possible, bring to camp our contribution to the larder in the shape of a haunch of venison. Even should we fail in this endeavor, we can still feel that our time here has been well and happily spent, and that our temporary forest home fully warrants the title we have so amply given it—"Happy Camp."

LESTER MONTROSE.

ATLANTIC CITY.

DEAF-MUTE ENTERPRISE.

Atlantic City is on the coast of New Jersey, fifty eight miles from Philadelphia. It is one of the largest of the distinctively sea-side towns of the United States, having a permanent population of six thousand.

It has been twenty years or more since physicians began to send their patients there. The climate is very suitable in aiding convalescence from chronic diseases. Experience has shown that the sea air is as valuable in restoring health in winter as well as in summer.

Hitherto the advantages of a residence at the sea-side were known to only a few persons, and for years a single physician could be found who would risk his reputation in advocating the hygienic influence of Atlantic City. Now we have scores of doctors sending their patients to partake of its salubrious climate.

The city is built on an island, ten miles in length, and separated by a strait called the "Throughfare." Twenty-five years ago it was an almost uninhabited island, consisting of a chain of sand hills thrown up by the ceaseless billows. About one-third of the island is now covered with the beautiful city, with its broad avenues and streets, which are laid out and graded with good judgment and taste.

The ocean promenade or "Broad walk" extends along the entire city front, following the beach just beyond high water mark.

> "The splashing waves, like music, fall,
> Responsive to their fancy wild;
> A dream comes o'er them like a spell,
> They think they are again a child.
> Thus it is in every stage,
> By toys our fancy is beguiled.
> We gather shells from youth to age,
> And there we leave them like a child."

The city contains about thirty-eight hotels, the principal one of which being the "Albion." This hotel is open during the summer season; it contains over two hundred sleeping rooms; 8 parlors, richly furnished; 4 pianos; large airy bedrooms with high ceilings and luxurious beds, springs and hair matresses on every bed. Gas and the electric light illuminates the house and its surroundings. The halls are ten feet wide. The dining room is 150 feet long and 40 feet wide. There is a broad piazza, affording a promenade of 800 feet. The music and service are unexcelled. The house is the most elegantly furnished on the island.

The proprietors of this hotel are Lentz and Seagrist, the head of which is a deaf-mute—a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution. Recently a party of deaf-mutes took occasion to call on them. The sight that met their eyes beggars description. They were kindly received by Mr. Lentz, who did all he could do to make their stay as pleasant as possible. His sister Mary, also deaf, added to their enjoyment with her lively conversation.

Walton the "Plunger" says that a man that can run a hotel can undertake almost anything. The mutes are to be congratulated in having one of their number at the head of a hotel.

Mr. John Lentz personally superintends all the details of the hotel, and it is his energy and close attention to business that has made the Albion the leading hotel in Atlantic City.

We know of only one other mute gentleman who manages a large business, Mr. Jacques Loew, formerly of Vienna, Supt. of Henry Levy & Son's Leather, Wood, and Bronze Goods Manufactory, who has made the house the leading one in that line in this country, and probably in the whole world. Mr. Loew lately paid a visit to Atlantic City, and it is from him that we learn all the particulars of the hotel Albion.

A few more mutes with such business capacity as Mr. Lentz and Mr. Loew, would go a great way in elevating the mutes in the regard of their more fortunate hearing brethren.

Viscount Eugene Alexander de Beauharnais.

Some of the members of the Beauharnais family had been governors of the island of Martinique, and while there they met some of the members of the Tasher de la Pagerie family, and were so charmed with them that on their return to France they wrote to them expressing their desire to be allied to them by marriage. In ancient times the great families of Europe had a way of making marriages among the younger members of their families without the slightest reference to the wishes of the parties principally concerned, and this case was no exception to the rule. It was decided that the Viscount Eugene Alexander de Beauharnais should marry a Mademoiselle de la Pagerie. It was first intended that he should marry Catherine, but before the matter could be arranged, the young lady was carried off by a fever. It was then proposed that her sister, Maria should take her place, but that young lady having a will of her own, refused point blank to leave Martinique, and so it was finally decided that Josephine, then sixteen years of age, should marry the Viscount, who was nineteen. Josephine started for France, and on her arrival married Beauharnais, December 13, 1779. On seeing his bride for the first time, the Viscount wrote to his father, "Mlle de Pagerie will perhaps appear less pretty than you expect, but I believe I can assure you that the honesty and gentleness of her character surpass all that has been said of her." The cause of the above remark was probably the praise bestowed upon Josephine by her father and an aunt, who afterwards married a Beauharnais; they lavished such praises on her that one is almost tempted to imagine that she was a Venus and a Minerva rolled in one. In spite of the above it seems as though Eugene de Beauharnais married rather against his will, and soon got tired of his wife. He begged for an appointment on the staff of the Marquis de Bouille, who was then going out to Martinique, as governor, with the additional power to drive the English out of the West Indies if he could, which, by the way, he found he could not do. The appointment being refused, Beauharnais went as a volunteer, and while on the island instituted inquiries in regard to the conduct of his wife previous to her marriage. He was told a pack of lies by an enemy of the De la Pagerie family, and on his return instituted a suit for divorce, but on recovering his senses dropped it and was reconciled to his wife. During the French Revolution, Beauharnais was elected a member of the National Assembly, and was acting as president of that body when the French King, Louis XVI, fled from Paris with his family. After a while, he joined the army, and, having been trained as a soldier in his youth, was made general in chief of the army of the Rhine. Beauharnais was a man of cultivated mind, of calm temperature, loving order and work and a strict discipliarian. This was not the kind of man that the French at that period liked. They were all for equality, which meant that the privates were on a par with the officers; a doctrine which, by the way, is very demoralizing in the army or anywhere else. The consequence was that Beauharnais became very unpopular, and was removed from his command and ordered to return to Paris. He obeyed orders, although he knew well the fate which awaited him. He had always spoken in favor of a representative government, but the excesses of the Jacobins, the party that then ruled France, filled him with horror. One of his aides-de-camp advised him to give battle to the enemy and die on the battlefield, but he declined, saying: "My first duty is to think of my army and my country. I entertain little doubt with regard to the future, but I should be sorry to have to reproach myself with the death of a number of gallant fellows, and the fatal result of a defeat. Perhaps the army will be placed under the orders of a more fortunate general. The decree which removes me is formal, and even a victory, which appears to me just now an impossibility, would not be pardoned. We have only 35,000 disorderly men to oppose to 80,000 troops. My death would remedy nothing. I must take my departure." From the above, it will be seen that the government demanded impossibilities. On his arrival at Paris, Beauharnais was tried by the Revolutionary Committee, who, after playing with him pretty much as a cat does with a mouse, sent him to the guillotine.

Beauharnais was not a very great man, but his marriage was the indirect cause of a great many events that took place in Europe. At the same time three cousins left Martinique. One, Josephine, married Viscount de Beauharnais, and afterwards Napoleon Bonaparte, who became Emperor of the French; the second cousin married M. de Peyronnet, afterwards one of the ministers of Charles X of France; the third was captured by pirates, sold as a slave in Constantinople, and became the favorite wife of Sultan Mustapha. Beauharnais and Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie had two children, Eugene, who became Viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, who married Louis Bonaparte, and was at one time Queen of Holland. Louis and Hortense Bonaparte were the father and mother of Napoleon III.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

FROGS.—Frogs may be broiled or made into a fricasse with tomato catsup. The hind legs alone are eaten, and are a great delicacy.

BANANA PIE.—Slice raw bananas, add butter, sugar, allspice and vinegar, or boiled cider, or diluted jelly; bake with two crusts. In the south they use cold boiled sweet potatoes in this way, and regard the pie as choice.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Cut the tomatoes in slices without skinning, pepper and salt them; then sprinkle a little flour over them and fry in butter until brown. Put them on a hot platter and pour a little butter into the cream and juice. When boiling hot, pour over the tomatoes. This dish is very nice served with birds.

STRING BEANS.—This delicious vegetable is rarely properly cooked. When well prepared it is quite as healthful as peas. Take the pods as fresh and young as possible, and shred them as finely as a small knife will go through them, cutting them lengthwise, and, as it were, shaving them very thin. Put into salted boiling water and boil two hours. Then drain in a colander, and serve with plenty of sweet butter, and they will be as delicate as peas. If one likes vinegar, a little of it will improve the dish.

GREEN PEAS.—Peas should not be shelled until just before they are to be cooked, and they should not be washed, as it takes the sweetness from them. Put into boiling salted water and boil briskly for twenty- or thirty minutes. If very fresh they will need less time than when old. Drain the peas through a colander, turn into a heated dish, put a large piece of butter into them, or half a teacupful of boiling hot cream, and serve at once. The practice of serving peas swimming in greasy water spoils an excellent vegetable.

CHERRY PIE.—Line a pie-tin with rich crust; nearly filled with the carefully seeded fruit, sweeten to taste, and sprinkle evenly with a teaspoonful of corn starch, or tablespoonful of flour; add a teaspoonful of butter cut into small bits and scattered over the top; wet the edge of the crust and press the edges closely together, taking care to provide holes in the center for the escape of the air. Pies from blackberries, raspberries, etc., are all made in the same way, regulating the quantity of sugar by the tartness of the fruit.

WATERMELON CAKE.—White part. Two cups of white sugar, one of butter, three and a half of flour, the whites of eight eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Red part—One cup of red sugar, half cup butter, one-third of a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, whites of four eggs, teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teacup of raisins; be careful to keep the red part around the tube of the pan and the white around the edge. It requires two persons to fill the pan. This is a very attractive and ornamental cake.

AGRICULTURAL.

Never brood your chickens in and in. It makes them weak and more difficult to raise.

It is said that if food is kept from sheep for twenty-four hours before killing, the mutton will have a better flavor.

French farmers understand their services so well that they purchase toads at so much a dozen and turn them loose.

The man who neglects to purchase a pure bred lamb because it costs more than a common one is the man who always insists that sheep are very unprofitable.

One dollar's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth $1.50 after she comes in. An animal in poor condition cannot digest as much food as one in good condition.

One cow well and comfortably cared for will produce twice as much milk and butter as two that are allowed to run at large, lie on the wet ground and be subjected to the exposure of the weather.

A peck of fresh lime, first slaked to a dry powder and then reduced with water to a wash, with the addition of a pound of sulphate of zinc, and half a pound of common salt, makes a pretty good and durable whitewash.

Soft coal ashes are used to prevent the ravages of the currant worm. They are scattered thickly around the currant and gooseberry bushes, care being taken to keep the bushes well supplied with them as long as there is danger.

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FINE GOLD WATCHES,
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For every NEW SUBSCRIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us $1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address *very plainly*.

Besides this liberal commission, we give $30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest list of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before October 2, 1882, as follows:

For the 1st largest list -	$15.00
" " 2d " " - -	10.00
" " 3d " " - -	5.00

RULES.

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names.

The names must be names of NEW subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscribe within six months will not count.

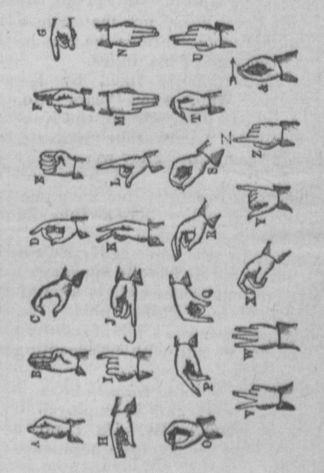
Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as *new*.

No letter mailed after September 30th, 1882, will be counted.

☞ *Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter.*

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